

398 22

THE  
LAUREL-WREATH;

BEING  
A COLLECTION

OF  
ORIGINAL MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,  
On Subjects Moral, Comic, and Divine.

By W. P.

---

IN TWO VOLUMES.

---

VOL. I.

---

" Ego apis matinae

" More modoque

" Grata carpentis thyma per laborem,

" Plurimum circa nemus uvidique,

" Tiburis ripas operoso parvus

" Carmina fingo.

HOR.

---

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MDCCLXVI.



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## P R E F A C E.

I Am very far from boasting the perpetual influence of the MUSES; nor can I raise to myself sufficient Vanity to fancy my poetical pursuits have been directed by the presence of APOLLO: yet, without ostentation, let me be permitted to observe, that I have casually thought myself happy in enjoying the lucid intervals of a *harmless Muse*—whose intention, by this Preface, is humbly to offer her tribute at the altar of Candour, as a suppliant for indulgence her only claim for which (if claim at all she has) is built upon the foundation of her performances containing no fascinating powers of loose descriptions, no corrupt language, and, I humbly hope, not a word that can excite an unseasonable blush in the face of Innocence. To this may be added, that *here* are no *malicious* stings of illiberal invective or intended *personal satire*, no scoffs at Religion or Morality, no insincere and undeserved eulogiums on men of wicked principles in exalted stations.

Let other bards, by fawning numbers, try  
To gain the venal meed of Flattery :  
My Muse disdains to cringe—that she may eat—  
Or praise a prosp'rous villain e'er so great,  
Revers'd her practice, see her then appear  
*Unbrib'd, impartial, grateful, and sincere.*

Let me be allowed farther to observe, it was by the particular encouragement of my friends and acquaintance that I became induced to suffer this *Collection* of Miscellaneous Poems to appear in the world. The chief apology I have to make in their behalf, is only what Truth herself

herself might decently offer as such, viz. That they were written as the recreation of some *solitary*, many *penfive*, and some *leisure* hours, when disengaged from the weightier concerns of my *avocation* in life.

For the defects which may justly be discovered in this performance, I plead the Imbecillity of man, and his incapacity of attaining to *Perfection*.

“Whoe’er expects a faultless Peace to see

“Expects what never was, nor is, nor e’er shall be.”

Upon this consideration, I freely submit myself to the lash of ingenuous Criticism.

I know not how to express my gratitude as I ought to my few but very *worthy* and *respectable* *Subscribers*, for their generous encouragement to this undertaking. On their indulgence, I flatter myself, I may rely, without the least apprehension of a disappointment, as my principal view in these poetical Essays was to *amuse*, if not *improve*.

Finally, if I should happen to fall under the heavy censure of the *criticks* of the age, I shall be partly consoled with the thought of undergoing the same fate, with an *innumerable* many authors of infinitely greater merit than ever I can pretend to or hope for; for almost one universal *condemnation* of literary works is now the established plan of their *High Court* of *inquisitorial* *intelligence* and *critical disquisition*.

The few pieces thus distinguished are the production of a Friend.

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THE  
LAUREL-WREATH.



BARHAM-PLACE, the Seat of Sir PHILIP BOTELER,  
Baronet, at *Tewkesbury*, in *Kent*.

COME, FANCY, wild of wing, and let me rove  
On Contemplation's pinions to yon grove!  
With Truth's harmonious voice, there let me sing  
The soft ideas which from Nature spring!  
Let future ages *Windsor's* praise rehearse,  
Still verdant made by POPE's immortal verse;  
My humbler lays in faint description trace  
The variegated charms of BARHAM-PLACE:  
From *Medway's* Banks ascends the finish'd pile,  
Like *Ægypt* smiling o'er the fertile *Nile*.  
Laving its feet the silent streamlets glide  
Of glassy *Medway's* serpentine tide.—  
—Ye towns, adieu! your ceaseless noise I fly,  
To view these landscapes with enraptur'd eye!  
What Graces consecrate this blest retreat,  
Of decent elegance the chosen seat!  
The walks how sweet! surrounded by the shades,  
The ponds how crystal! cool the pure cascades!

VOL. I.

B

Groves



Groves vie with groves—with villa's villa's vie,  
 And crouding scenes dilate th'impassion'd eye!  
 Extended round thro' ev'ry past'ral scene  
 Here Nature smiles with unmolested mien,  
 In pleasing triumph, *Teston's* vill to bless;  
*Teston*, fair seat of undisturb'd recess!  
 Where mild Content and Competence serene,  
 With all their train of placid charms, convene!  
 Transporting village, ev'ry picture's thine  
 Where Art and Nature in perfection shine!  
 Rural and calm are all thy bless'd retreats,  
 Freedom and Contemplation's much-lov'd seats!  
 The gay-plum'd songsters of the woodlands here,  
 In blended chorus, shades mosaic chear.  
 Thro' lawns unfolding, oft the Muse may rove,  
 And share the pleasure of the pensive grove.  
 Hail, cooling shade, by peaceful silence blest,  
 Asylum sure of meditative rest!  
 Secure from all the giddy whirls of life,  
 False pleasure, folly, turpitude, and strife:  
 From Faction panting for tyrannic sway,  
 And the great bustle of life's little day,  
 Here reigns Tranquillity, Composure here,  
 No pining sorrows, no distresses near:  
 But all appears one Halcyon of the soul,  
 One sober quietude, one peaceful whole.  
 —Ye fordid slaves, blind votaries to sense,  
 For you can Solitude her charms dispense?  
 With much disdain she flies your revel noise,  
 To crown the sylvan plain with solid joys.  
 Weaving a chaplet, *BOTELER's* brows to bind,  
 To seal that bliss which Providence assign'd;

Distin-

## THE LAUREL-WREATH.

3

Distinguish'd merit claims the gifts of Fate,  
While private virtue makes the good man great.  
Long, very long, may *He* enjoy the Rest  
Spontaneous flowing from the virtuous breast!  
Where fails my Muse, let GRATITUDE indite  
And TRUTH, exempt from Adulation, write.  
BENIGNITY, the most intrinsic Grace,  
In native lustre crowns this happy place.  
With all inherent virtues BOUVERIE's fraught:  
In form how faultless! amiable in thought!  
In manners gentle—Virtue guards her fame,  
And consecrates her meritorious name.  
Too poor in praise—be this my secret prayer:  
“Ye guardian Powers, securely watch the Fair.”



## RURAL HAPPINESS.

*Bene est cui Deus obtulit  
Parcâ quod satis est manu.* HOR.

I.

**H**OW blest is he, who breathes the rural life,  
With face of pleasure owns his humble state,  
And, lost to envy, faction, and to strive,  
Feels not those torments which attend the great!

II.

King of his peaceful realm, he lives secure,  
Calls Independence (sov'reign Bliss!) his own,  
Scorns the Circean force of Folly's lure,  
Nor wants the thorny roses of a Crown.

B 2

With

## III.

With heart estrang'd from pain, unvex'd he lives  
 Low in the herbag'd sweet-sequester'd dale,  
 Amid the joys which calm Contentment gives  
 (For calm Contentment loves the cottag'd vale.

## IV.

Expanding there from worldly tumults free,  
 It gives that wealth which is above all store,  
 Sweetens the labour of rusticity,  
 And fixes life beyond the wish for more.)

## V.

Thankful, his food from Nature's hand he takes,  
 And toils with Patience thro' the busy day :  
 At his command, fair Cultivation wakes,  
 And Plenty calls, her patron to repay.

## VI.

See, with what bliss he now surveys his kine  
 In rumination wrapp'd beneath the shade,  
 Detain'd by patient custom to resign  
 Their milky treasures to the rustic maid !

## VII.

Re-visits oft the daisy-sprinkled mead,  
 Where stray his fruitful ewes and lambs at large :  
 Forgetful not the poultry-race to feed,  
 Still faithful to his sweetly-varied charge.

His

## VIII.

His is one scene of ever-blooming ease,  
Blessings on blessings gild his still retreat ;  
Each thought that Innocence can give to please,  
And all its parent Virtue make complete.

## IX.

Delightful state ! give me one bleating flock ;  
Let me but call one lowing herd my own,  
Quick would I fly, ye Powers, to shun the rock,  
Where Monster-Vice erects her ebon throne.

## X.

The tow'ring elm should canopy my seat,  
And guard against the rude attacks of wind ;  
Salubrious herbs give relish to my meat,  
And Health from Temp'rance blooming vigour find.

## XI.

I ask no Turtle to supply my board ;  
No high-sauc'd dish in my repast be seen ;  
Whom sylvan fare sufficient Taste afford,  
Enjoy an healthful State with Mind serene !

## XII.

Oh ! how the groves, the fountains, and the bow'rs,  
The winding valleys and their purling rills,  
Alternate testify his happy hours,  
Whose guileless bosom rural pleasure fills !



## XIII.

Free from the fordid miser's lucrous rage,  
 He scorns to wish for more than competence:  
 Unknown to pain, he mellows into age,  
 And thinks his LITTLE is MAGNIFICENCE.

## XIV.

Thrice happy he! how sweet is life thus led,  
 Where low Ambition never durst intrude!  
 Where Sleep reſective downs the homely bed,  
 And gold-clad Cares moleſt not Solitude!



The DRYAD's Lamentation, on the cutting  
 down of an antient YEW-TREE.

## AN ELEGY.

*Mantled in green, no more thy ſpreading boughs  
 Are vocal made by Philomela's woes;  
 No more thy ſhade (Retirement's fond retreat)  
 Yields penſive Care an eligible ſeat;  
 No perch you render to the plaintive Doves,  
 Or harbour weave, inviting Village-Loves.*

## I.

NIGHT's raven-robe the drouſy hamlets preſs'd;  
 Each hind lay huſh'd in Sleep's Lethean arms,  
 Save wakeful CORYDON, long foe to reſt,  
 Whoſe ear a hidden Dryad's plaint alarms.

The

## THE LAUREL-WREATH.

7

### II.

'The *dark-green* Nymph had Sorrow's shelter made  
An oaken grove, low sunk within a vale,  
Where Druids erst had sanctified the shade,  
And sung in Silence the prophetic tale.

### III.

"In vain," she cry'd, "I rear'd the infant Yew  
"With all a tender mother's soft'ring care,  
"And sav'd from rage, when threat'ning BOREAS blew,  
"Or when bleak EURUS arm'd with blights the air!

### IV.

"While Sister-Nymphs the diff'rent trees delight,  
"*This* in the lawn-lov'd Beech has fixt her seat,  
"*That* in the Oak or Fir of tow'ring height;  
"The deep-green Yew alone was my retreat,

### V.

"The Yew, distinguish'd tree! whose fadeless green  
"No annual changes of the year renew,  
"Thro' Autumn's waste, and Winter's frost, *serene*,  
"Full many a Year my wish, my pride, it grew.

### VI.

"In each soft circle from thy western bed,  
"Thou silent Moon, thou evidence may'st bear,  
"How oft thy silver radiance softly shed  
"A modest twilight thro' my thick-wove care.

## VII.

- " Pleas'd have I heard (unseen) grave SOPHRON's Lays,  
 " SOPHRON, whom Nature and whom Wisdom warm ;  
 " From the degen'rate croud he frequent strays,  
 " Enjoying Contemplation's midnight charm.

## VIII.

- " Thy inspiration, *Science*, taught his tongue  
 " To speak of things create and increate,  
 " With eloquence my guest of *Knowledge* sung,  
 " *Religion, Providence, an After-State.*

## IX.

- " To my recess distracted DELIA stray'd,  
 " Of grief superlative I heard her moan,  
 " Once boasted fair as an *Arcadian* maid,  
 " But now a fading-living shadow grown.

## X.

- " Her ev'ry pleasing smile and graceful air,  
 " Was once the pride of each enamour'd swain ;  
 " Was once the envy of each jealous fair ;  
 " Of ev'ry Sylvan Muse the chosen strain.

## XI.

- " Her burthen'd tale my pity oft has found ;  
 " Those cheeks, once rosy, which are now so wan,  
 " By tears of sorrow are incessant drown'd :  
 " The cause, (*my cause!*) that base destroyer man.

" Victim

## XII.

“ Victim to sordid lucre, foe to shade,  
 “ My fav’rite Tree, alas! is fall’n, is gone!”  
 In dark despondence sunk, no more she said,  
 Unknowing CORYDON had heard her moan.



## ON LADY F\*\*\*\*\*.

## TO a FRIEND.

SOME Muse of fire CASTALIA might sing!  
 The tribute due some POPE or DRYDEN bring!  
 But, since from numbers unrefin’d it flows,  
 The cause her beauty, and the cause her woes;  
 Excuse my Lays, unequal to the Theme,  
 And Inability *Presumption* deem.  
 In virgin Graces, lovely as the *May*,  
 When FLORA’s blushes vernalize the day,  
 To LOVE’s best rites by HYMEN’s hand bestow’d,  
 The wealth-sway’d fair a *titled* consort ow’d;  
*Hard Fate*, that *Taste* should urge a sanction still,  
 To use a wife, altho’ an angel, ill!  
 Shame on the times, corrupt from shore to shore,  
*Love’s marriage-bonds* are *ties* of bliss no more.  
 To say what beauties in CASTALIA meet,  
 Her mind how virtuous, and her form how sweet!  
 Would speak *Perfection* in that high degree,  
 Where Heaven has form’d the strictest *unity*.



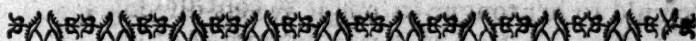
Her *sex* excelling, yet th'unhappy *Fair*  
 Knew nought of *HYMEN*, save the bitter care.  
 Alas ! how partial rigid was her fate,  
 Hard, that such miseries should such worth await !  
 The wretch, to whom *CASTALIA* made a bride,  
 Himself no virtue, none in her descried :  
 His heart corrupt, malignant was his soul,  
 No sense prevailing, tyrant in controul ;  
 Foe to himself, the shame of human kind,  
 As *Folly's* offspring, so to *Reason* blind ;  
 In temper cruel, an impassion'd slave,  
 In act a madman, and to law a knave ;  
 Brute to *CASTALIA*, till divorcement kind  
 The suff'ring *Fair-one* from the *Brute* disjoin'd,  
 Whose End (disgraceful) Candour may conceal,  
 And o'er his mem'ry draw Oblivion's veil :  
 One well-known truth yet let the Muse defend,  
 " He fell deserving such untimely end."  
 Yet, at "his hapless Fate", the gen'rous *Fair*  
 In widow'd weeds confess'd some inward care ;  
 The tear, unbade, would often pearl her cheek,  
 And latent Pity made Oppression speak.  
 Hail, *Fair* unequall'd, whose *unsullied Name*  
 From future age may *adoration claim* !  
 Oh ! may prophetic, warmest, wishes rise,  
 " That Heav'n reserves you for distinguish'd joys,"  
 To ratify your *Love*, commixt with *Truth*,  
 For some more grateful and deserving youth,  
 Whose steady faith, as pure as Heaven's decree,  
 Warm as the bloom of *ALTAMONT* may be !

Young

## THE LAUREL WREATH.

11

That gen'rous Youth, who boasts not wealth or birth,  
 Whose merit only dignifies his *worth*;  
 Then every hour its softest bliss should shed,  
 Where mutual wishes crown the bridal bed!  
 Thy sacred torch, O HYMEN, brighter glow  
 With *joys* compensate for each former *woe*!



## An EPIGRAM.

**B**Y unfortunate BAYS, in very great want,  
 Was borrow'd a trifle of gold,  
 And by the good man, who the favour did grant,  
 It was most ostentatiously told:  
 So the countryman's cow, when with udder distent,  
 In the walnut-tree shade on the vale,  
 Yields lib'ral her milk, which no sooner is lent,  
 Than in malice she kicks down the pail.



## An ECLOGUE.

**G**AYDAMON once, the sprightliest of the Green,  
 Confess'd the monarch of each Sylvan scene;  
 How danc'd the youth! how sung the merry swain!  
 How skip'd the nymphs! rejoic'd the happy plain!  
 At his approach, the gloomy Sorrows fled,  
 And Melancholy hid her baneful head;

The Paphian boy had strove his peace to wound,  
 But still his heart invulnerable found,  
 Till (sad mischance!) NANNETTA, sparkling maid!  
 Her most engaging charms untaught display'd;  
 Upon her lovely brow fate Modesty,  
 And added lustre to each azure eye;  
 With sacred amulet, young Innocence  
 Deign'd to her tongue its magic sweets dispense;  
 In careless curls her auburn hair fell down,  
 And deck'd her temples with a pleasing brown;  
 Beauty herself fate smiling on her face,  
 And gave her features a peculiar grace;  
 Ease form'd her Shape, her frame Proportion wrought,  
 And sweet Simplicity adorn'd each thought;  
 Her picture such—How dull must be Desire,  
 To see NANNETTA's bloom, and not admire?  
 At once Love triumph'd o'er poor DAMON's heart,  
 Which, unexpected, felt the secret smart;  
 Ah! DAMON! now the pipe, the dance, the bowl,  
 Nor warmest Friendship in thy honest Soul,  
 Can Melancholy's irksome sway controul.

Oft would the Youth the darkest shades frequent,  
 Where thus to plaint the tedious hours he lent,  
 "Had I, ye Pow'rs, oh! had I never seen,  
 "Of *Paphos'* Grove th'incomparable Queen:  
 "In peace I yet had trod the jocund plain,  
 "Nor thus retir'd beneath a weight of pain!  
 "Oft with my pipe I've melodiz'd the day;  
 "How blithe! how joyous! merry! and how gay!  
 "To all that's chearful, all that's gay, adieu!  
 "My pipe's now joyless and no longer new;

"O'er

“ O’er bleating plains, thro’ verdant glades I’ve rov’d ;  
“ The grove frequented, and its gloom approv’d ;  
“ With pleasure strove t’indulge the youthful Muse,  
“ And taste the sweets of *Heliconian* Dews ;  
“ But now the bleating plain, and verdant glade,  
“ The breezy grove, and its inviting shade,  
“ Bear no delight ; no pleasure’s to be found,  
“ But all is tasteless—one insipid round !  
“ Why did I e’er these painful moments prove,  
“ And yield my heart to peace-destroying Love ?  
“ Would dear NANNETTA with compassion glow,  
“ One smile alone would dissipate my woe ;  
“ Oh ! be as kind, blest Nymph, as thou art fair,  
“ And ease thy suff’rer’s Love-implanted care !  
“ Oh ! let me clasp thee to my aching heart,  
“ No cares shall vex us, and no dangers part ;  
“ One constant flame should warm my raptur’d breast,  
“ I’d ever bless thee and be ever blest.”  
Thus mean’d the Youth thro’ many a painful day  
(A Victim doom’d to Love’s tyrannic sway !)  
Till Fear and Coyness from NANNETTA flew,  
Then, *Pity-urg’d*, young Inclination grew ;  
HYMEN was call’d, their mutual Love to hail,  
And made the pair the happiest of the Vale.







AN ELEGY, to the MEMORY of a DECEASED  
FRIEND.

*Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.*

HOR.

I.

WHY should not tears from Sorrow's eyes  
descend?

Why not from Melancholy's ceaseless flow?

MELPOMENE, thy locks deshevell'd rend,

And vent thy grief in symphony of woe.

II.

Assist the meanest of poetic name,

By weak-endeav'ring strains, unsham'd, to raise

One grateful monument, invoking Fame,

In loftier numbers, to advance his praise.

III.

Yet loftier numbers may aspire in vain,

With sharp extremity of woe to tell,

Warm'd by the force of Elocution's strain,

The virtuous stores in CANDIDUS which fell.

Wisdom,

## IV.

*Wisdom*, in earlier life, he chose his guide ;  
*Wisdom* (blest means of Happiness confess'd !)  
 Mark'd all his steps, exulting to reside  
 In native lustre o'er his stainless breast.

## V.

Hence sprung Refinement of judicious Taste,  
 Dove-like Humility—engaging *Fair*—  
 Who added Ease, with gentlest Manners grac'd,  
 And Modesty, of inoffensive air.

## VI.

No deep Remorse his private moments knew,  
 No base Ambition could vain prospects rear ;  
 He saw man's Pride in one contemptuous view,  
 To all was courteous, to his friends sincere.

## VII.

Possess'd of *Blessings*, willing to impart,  
 His ear was open to the Orphan's pray'r ;  
 Misfortune found a passage to his heart,  
 With *others* suff'rings ever prone to share.

## VIII.

Ask *who* to helpless Infancy alone ?  
 Or *who* to feeble Age assistance lent ?  
*Who* sooth'd the weeping Widow's melting moan ?  
 The Stranger cheer'd, with painful wandering spent ?  
*Who*

## IX.

*Who* fed the hungry-poor from Bounty's hand,  
 With eye impartial saw low Merit rise,  
 And, *tho' in Rags*, approv'd what *Wit* had plann'd,  
 Foremost to vindicate the Muses' Prize?

## X.

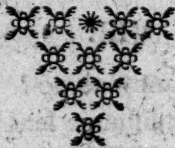
Ask *who*, the warmest in bright Virtue's plan,  
 Religion's Duties taught—to live—to die?—  
 Thro' Nature's various parts her GOD to scan,  
 And fix a confidence above the sky?

## XI.

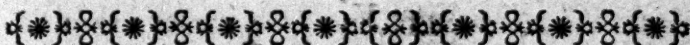
*Who* held the social, the ingenuous mind,  
 Whose zeal deserv'd a patriotic fame?  
 Ask all, pale Envy, and, confounded, find  
 The gen'ral voice loud echoes with his name!

## XII.

'Twas HONYWOOD—supremely good and great!  
 Who dignified his species on the earth;  
 Lamented victim to the stroke of Fate,  
 He fell—o rise with more distinguish'd worth!



DAMON'S



DAMONS'S RETREAT and COMPLAINT,  
A LYRIC ODE.

I.

'T WAS dark-grey eve, and tow'rd the cot,  
The shepherds bent their way;  
Th'unharnes'd steers in rest forgot  
The painful task of day.

II.

The thrush-thrill'd copse to *Philomel*  
Resign'd its rustling sprays,  
When DAMON stray'd, his woes to tell  
In unaffected lays.

III.

He pierc'd the Muse-inviting shade,  
A shade of solemn oak,  
Whose ancient arms had coverts made  
To many a weary yoke.

IV.

Beneath its naked roots a rill  
Crept pensively along;  
Above its tops, a pine-topp'd hill  
Re-echoed \* DAULIA's Song.

\* Nightingale.

'Twa



## V.

'Twas such retirement, Nature's friends,  
 The ancient Bards, explor'd,  
 And sung, for moralizing ends,  
 The ENTITY ador'd.

## VI.

Here, blest beyond expression, he  
 Resign'd himself to thought,  
 And prov'd the silent extacy  
 By meditation wrought.

## VII.

In woe-plann'd numbers, how he sung  
 Within th'attentive gloom!  
 What sorrow from reflexion sprung  
 For MIRA's ravag'd bloom!

## VIII.

For MIRA, who the Nymphs excell'd  
 In each æthereal grace,  
 And whom th'admiring youths beheld,  
 Fond victims to her face!

## IX.

Unsparring Death, with envious sway,  
 Destroy'd the lovely maid,  
 In midst of Youth and Beauty gay,  
 With all their charms array'd.

How

## X.

Soon blooming Youth, much-boasted joy,  
To Death's destruction yields,  
Alike the keen-edg'd scythes destroy  
The Blossom of the fields!

## XI.

When dress'd in purple, *Summer's pride*,  
And smiling to the eye,  
In many a Zephyr-waving tide,  
They fall, they fade, they die!

## XII.

In solitude he pour'd his lay,  
This too his dirgeful sound;  
"To thee, HONESTO! let me pay  
"The plaint by Nature bound.

## XIII.

"Celestial maids! ye know my woe;  
"In sadness have I stray'd,  
"And bade the tear unceasing flow  
"In mem'ry to his shade.

## XIV.

"Oft, as the broider'd vale along,  
"Or MEDWAY's rushy fide,  
"I've rais'd distress in humble song,  
"Which touch'd the weeping tide.

"Again,

## XV.

“ Again, as o’er the broider’d vale,  
 “ Or MEDWAY’s banks along,  
 “ I straying will recount my tale  
 “ In melancholy song.

## XVI.

“ Can I forget his tender care,  
 “ Can I forget to mourn,  
 “ And shed the filial-rising tear  
 “ On his lamented urn ?

## XVII.

“ Sooner shall MEDWAY’s reed-crown’d locks  
 “ In wind forget to wave,  
 “ Or sooner Charybdean rocks  
 “ The rueful tempests brave.”

## XVIII.

No more th’affected youth could sing,  
 But wept, to Fate resign’d ;  
 In silence worship’d Heaven’s high King,  
 And mollified his mind.

## XIX.

He cry’d, “ ’Twas Providence ordain’d,  
 “ ’Twas Providence decreed ;  
 “ ’Twere most unjust if I arraign’d  
 “ The Hand by which I feed !”

SONG.



## S O N G.

**B**ENEATH a beach, the other day,  
Of STELLA's charms I thought:  
Then tun'd my pipe with am'rous lay,  
And wand'ring STELLA fought.

The bleating plain, the silent grove,  
I travers'd for my fair:  
Methought I spy'd the Queen of Love;  
By JOVE, said I, 'tis *her*.

'Tis *her*, by that celestial mien,  
That dimpled, smiling face:  
'Tis *her*, by JOVE; the Cyprian Queen  
Wants STELLA's softer grace.

But, oh! ye Gods, how great my bliss!  
'Twas STELLA did appear:  
I dropt my pipe, and stole a kiss,  
Then banish'd all my care.



The ROVER's Extempore Advice to a FRIEND  
IN LOVE.

**T**HAT penfive look and rising sigh,  
My Friend! if I may guess,  
Are signs that cruel Love is nigh,  
O'erwhelming with distress.

Soon



Soon has the tyrant seiz'd your breast,  
And struck your youthful heart;  
By that sworn foe to human rest,  
Too soon you've felt the smart,

My wounded Friend ! advice receive,  
While passion's immature,  
The method I propose to give,  
Will soon effect the cure.

Tho' CUPID has to Love compell'd,  
And bound you in his chain,  
Remember, I the tyrant quell'd  
With bumpers of Champain.

More sober counsel you may take,  
If *that* you disapprove,  
And his heart-galling fetters break  
By learning how to rove.

There's KATE, and PRUE, and AMARYL,  
With equal beauty shine,  
Let each, in turn, your bosom fill;  
Think each, in turn, divine.

Then banish torture from your heart;  
Nor fix on CHLOE's face:  
For all the fair some charms impart,  
With variegated grace.

Let

Let lovely CÆLIA share your time,  
 PRISCILLA have a part,  
 Soft PHYLLIS too in youthful prime  
 Divide your yielding heart.

So Liberty you'll repofsefs,  
 Loft Peace once more regain,  
 The fmiling hours your youth fhall blefs,  
 Exempt from love-fixt pain.



DAMON and FLORA,  
 A PASTORAL.

D A M O N.

SEE, charmer, fee, yon myrtle grove,  
 So fragrant, fresh, and gay,  
 Invites my FLORA, *Queen of Love*,  
 To hail the infant MAY.  
 Hear how the painted choirifts fing  
 The love-inviting ftain;  
 The fpring-clad vales with mufick ring,  
 —Have pity on my pain.

F L O R A.

By STREPHON's fond perfuafive ftain,  
 Poor LUCY was undone,  
 And t'other eve, upon the plain  
 I, fhepherd, met with one,

Who

Who stopt me with expressive sighs,  
 And cry'd she was bereav'd  
 Of what young madens mostly prize,  
 That DAMON had deceiv'd.

## D A M O N.

Why should my Fair-one so much strive  
 To vex her fetter'd swain ?  
 I swear, 'tis false ; may I not thrive  
 (AUTUMNUS yield no gain !)  
 If e'er, by flatt'ring words or arts,  
 I simple maids beguile ;  
 'Tis Truth my artless tongue imparts,  
 I live in FLORA's smile.

## F L O R A.

Fond shepherd, doubts I must sustain ;  
 My bosom swells with care,  
 Left, when I've pitied DAMON's pain,  
 He should his love forbear.

## D A M O N.

Sure, Heav'n intended for delight  
 That graceful form of thine !  
 No no, my maid, I cannot slight,  
 Nor e'er my love decline.

## F L O R A.

May ev'ry day your love renew !  
 You wise and wiser be !  
 Our fleecy care let's each pursue,  
 Both happy whilst we're free.

An



An Elegiac Poem on the Death of my Father.

————— *Facienda docuit, docenda fecit.*

QUEEN of the Tragic Lyre, refine my strain,  
 Forbid thy vot'ry to request in vain ;  
 —To thee, *blest shade*, I consecrate my lay,  
 The last poor tribute filial love can pay ;  
 Admit the Muse on tender wings to soar,  
 Recount thy praises, and thy loss deplore.  
 Oh ! thou dear parent ! much-lamented dust !  
 With what soft pencil shall I form thy bust ?  
 By what warm title shall I thee commend,  
 By Guardian Father, or by cordial Friend ?  
 By *All*, for *All* in thee I found, I lost,  
 What time Death struck thee with resistless frost.  
 Free from foul guilt, from baneful falsehood clear,  
 Thine was the part benevolent, sincere.  
 How, when depress'd by undeserving wrongs,  
 Wouldst Thou relieve me from insulting tongues !  
 Beneath thy care, my happy nonage grew ;  
 My soul was taught unerring truth to view,  
 That truth divine, the holy page displays,  
 Diffusing light with universal rays ;  
 From thence I form'd my infant-op'ning mind,  
 Retain'd its Virtue, and each vice declin'd ;  
 What efficacy from thy precepts sprung !  
 What honey flow'd from thy instructive tongue !

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C

“ Despise



“ Despise earth’s pleasures, keep your conscience pure,

“ Let Reason rule; immortal life secure”;

Such was the lesson Thou wouldst oft impart,

With kind intention, to my supple heart.

In vain with illness was he long oppress’d,

For peaceful patience spoke his soul to rest;

From conscious virtue sprung, she made him great

Above Life’s final Hour, *sharp-wing’d* with Fate;

Nature, forbear ! Let grief no longer rise !

His spotless soul enjoys its promis’d skies,

Where bands of angels sing immortal strains,

And joy ineffable unceasing reigns ;

In sad dejection then no more appear,

Check the deep sigh, and stop th’immerging tear ;

Thou, who wast late his Hymeneal care,

Blest in felicity he joy’d to share,

Let consolation’s grateful gifts be thine ;

Think not the tie dissolv’d, which Heav’n shall join,

In realms where blessings roll without a shore,

And friends, long-parted, meet to part no more.



SONG.

## S O N G.

**F**REE from the World's tumultuous scenes,  
 With DAPHNE let me find  
 Some mantling shade of varied greens,  
 With balmy blossoms twin'd.

From each intrusive gazer hid,  
 We'd mutual joy receive,  
 And say what purest Nature bid,  
 When love-warm bosoms heave.

As thro' the verdant fields we rove  
 The tuneful tribe to hear,  
 How should their artless lays of love  
 Delight my DAPHNE's ear!

By streams meand'ring thro' the mead,  
 Where softer roses spread  
 Their fragrance sweet, while lambkins feed,  
 And cowslips odours shed.

Alternate thus, my DAPHNE near,  
 The silver hours would pass;  
 Her soothing smiles my heart should cheer  
 To bless my sweetest lass;

Her happiness I'd ne'er molest,  
 Her ev'ry care repel,  
 Nor with one trouble fill her breast,  
 Whate'er my own befall.



## O D E to M A Y.

## I.

**T**O vernal sweets and fragrant flow'rs  
 I dedicate my lay;  
 Assist me, O ye rural pow'rs!  
 To sing the charms of MAY.

## II.

Dear month of joy! enchanting scene,  
 Which ushers in delight!  
 Amid thy blush of varied green,  
 What beauties feast the sight!

## III.

Thou canst the vernal pleasures give  
 To brighten o'er the day;  
 In thee rich bloom and verdure live,  
 Thou gentle-smiling MAY!

The

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IV.

The laughing landscapes charm my eyes;  
Where'er my fancy strays;  
On pleasures pleasures sweetly rise,  
Each something new displays.

V.

How smoothly glide the peaceful hours,  
How calm, serene, and gay!  
Young FLORA decks the blissful bow'rs,  
And wantons o'er the MAY.

VI.

Earth's recent-gladden'd bed around  
Smiles in her vesture new;  
The trees, with leafy chaplets bound,  
Their verdant tresses shew.

VII.

The birds in varied carols sing,  
The Zephyrs bear their notes,  
Expressive of great Nature's King,  
Who tunes their grateful throats.

VIII.

With feeble wing the bee now roves  
In one incessant toil,  
And murmurs thro' the breezy groves,  
To cull her flow'ry spoil.



## IX.

May lowing herds rejoice to see  
 The meads in verdure drest !  
 May bleating flocks as happy be  
 To find the plain as blest !

## X.

No stormy winds disturb the waves,  
 The stream unruffled glides,  
 The brook its banks in quiet laves,  
 And silently subsides.

## XI.

The swallows wing the smiling glades  
 As thwart the lawns they fly ;  
 To rilly banks and cooling shades  
 The happy sylvans hie.

## XII.

The morn how fair ! The air how sweet !  
 How ravishing the light !  
 Each cool-sequester'd green retreat  
 Contributes fresh delight.

## XIII.

But see, the landscape fades in eve,  
 The rustic throng advance,  
 With joy the cleanly cot they leave  
 To join the rural dance !

\*\*\*\*\*

## An ELEGY.

**A**SSIST me, Muses, whilst my lays shall tell,  
 What anxious care my bosom has befall:  
 My CHLOE's absence dulls each lively scene,  
 And sinks my heart (so wont to be serene)  
 In deep despair, anxiety, and woe;  
 For comfort's gone, and pleasure is my foe;  
 When she, so late, my blythesome time employ'd!  
 What scenes of happiness were then enjoy'd!  
 Unheeded flew away the smiling hour,  
 And ev'ry lovely joy was in my power;  
 I envied not the rich their pageantry,  
 For CHLOE's charms were wealth enough to me;  
 No monarch, sure of *India's* golden coast  
 Could half such pleasures, half such transports boast.  
 Each day renew'd her charms, renew'd my fire,  
 With all that recent beauty could inspire;  
 Love reign'd sole monarch o'er my youthful breast,  
 Each care excluded and each fear suppress'd;  
 Did I the sweets of greatest pleasure taste,  
 But how short-liv'd was the too dear repast!  
 I fly my social friends, and seek the grove,  
 Some gloomy scene fit-form'd for plaintive love;  
 There to myself repeat my fruitless sighs,  
 While Echo mocks me, and unmov'd replies;  
 Adieu, ye rills, and Muse-inviting groves,  
 Once happy scenes of our more happy loves!

Ye cheerful warblers, who delightful sing,  
 And in wild concert greet the living Spring,  
 No more transported perch the bending spray,  
 No more impassion'd pour the am'rous lay;  
 For CHLOE's gone, what pleasure then remains,  
 To cheer the springing meads or pastur'd plains?  
 Where's now, ye blooming fields, your wonted grace?  
 It's hid, and absent with my CHLOE's face;  
 When present, then all wore an aspect fair,  
 And all was emulous her praise to share;  
 But now she's absent, Nature seems to moan,  
 And sighing say, "The lovely Charmer's gone!"  
 Her shape, ye Gods! was faultless, pure her mind,  
 In which MINERVA and GOOD-NATURE join'd;  
 What grateful sweetness could her words impart,  
 At once to pleasure and improve the heart!  
 Description's pencil cannot draw her mien,  
 So sweet, so mild, majestic, and serene:  
 But, oh! she's gone, lament, ye crystal floods,  
 Ye drooping flow'rs and ever-whisp'ring woods,  
 Her absence wail, ye shades in twilight grove,  
 The sad retreat of her complaining love;  
 She's gone, she's gone, fair Nature seems to moan,  
 And sighing say, "The Lovely Charmer's gone!"

## STREPHON and CHLOE,

## A PASTORAL.

## STREPHON.

**M**OST charming maid, my CHLOE, see,

And shun the vernal show'r :

Come, let us fly to yonder tree,

And gain a shelt'ring bow'r.

## CHLOE.

Thy varied efforts, STREPHON, shew,

My heart you'll ne'er invite :

While, shepherd! is possess'd by you,

One shamefully too light.

## STREPHON.

Suppress your doubts; and trust a swain,

Whose ever-constant thought

Excelling Maid, can ne'er disdain

Love with such ardour sought !

## CHLOE.

But, STREPHON, see, the gentle breeze

Has waft the show'r aside,

And o'er the mead, the brouzing fleece

Their dallying mistress chide.



## STREPHON.

Be CHLOE's care to me consign'd,  
 Accustom'd to the crook,  
 I'll watch her gently-bleating kind,  
 While to my herds I look.

## CHLOE.

Be constant then, make me your care,  
 And fairer nymphs refrain,  
 With you I'll CERES' blessings share  
 Upon the humble plain.

~~~~~

The Praises of a COUNTRY LIFE; in Imitation  
 of HORACE, Epode II.

"HOW tranquil, sure, must be the state  
 "Of him that's ever free

"From *law* and *debt*, twin-plagues of fate,

"How happy must he be!

"Who whistling plows the fertile soil

"His father once possess'd :

"And gladly fees his earnest toil

"By grateful earth confess'd!

"No.

" No sounds of war alarm his sleep,

" Secure from ev'ry ill,

" No storms, which rack the dang'rous dee,

" His breast with troubles fill.

" He cautious shuns the bar's debate,

" And haughty-crouded doors :

" The fulsome levees of the great,

" With like disdain abjures.

" Full oft he prunes his tender vines,

" Or lops their boughs away :

" The tendrils round some elm he twines,

" And visits them each day.

" Oft-times, in pleasant walk, surveys

" His many-bleating care,

" Or sees the herds in safety graze

" On meads, delicious fare!

" And when Autumnus deigns to spread

" With fruit his grafted trees,

" He thankful sees the blessings shed,

" And gratefully repays.

" Full oft, beneath a bow'ring shade

" Near yon soft-purling stream,

" Upon the grassy carpet laid,

" He hears the am'rous theme

" Of birds, who tune their mingled throats  
 " To soothe his calm repose :  
 " The riv'let seems to join their notes,  
 " As murmur'ing smooth it goes.

" But when stern WINTER's glooms appear,  
 " With dogs he sets the toils,  
 " And glories in the fadden'd year,  
 " To triumph in his spoils.

" For foreign cranes or tim'rous hares  
 " The springe he artful lays :  
 " With baits th'unwary thrush insnares,  
 Alternate thus betrays.

" Hence, happy in a lone retreat,  
 " High life is not his aim :  
 " His happiness is much more great,  
 " Improv'd by frugal dame,

" Whose soft concern, in nuptial life,  
 " Ensures a round of bliss :  
 " Tho' sun-burnt charms adorn the wife,  
 " How sweet's the mutual kifs !

" Whene'er her faithful spouse return,  
 " Spent with the painful chace,  
 " She gives the ancient log to burn,  
 " Him weary to solace.

" Now

" Now poultry feeds, now milks his kine,

" And spreads the simple feast,

" With unbought dainties, and the wine

" From last year's vintage press.

" The turtle's variegated taste,

" Or fish from foreign seas,

" Nor all that crowns the regal feast,

" Can him like *Olive* please.

" On herbs that spread the flow'ry field,

" The garden, or the mead,

" Which Health from pure Digestion yield,

" He much delights to feed.

" Amid his temp'rance, blest repast,

" It glads him to behold

" The sheep return with conscious haste,

" To seek the ev'ning-fold.

" How pleas'd he sits, at night to view

" His family furround

" The glowing hearth, and jests renew,

" While jollity goes round!"

Thus spoke the **USURER**, content

To call his money in,

And deal no more in *Cent per Cent*,

But country life begin.



The quick resolve no sooner made,  
 Than rises recent Pain :  
 The Wretch could not forbear from trade,  
 Or usury refrain.



COLIN and DELIA,

A PASTORAL.

COLIN.

COME, DELIA, come, and with me share  
 The rosy bow'rs and fragrant air :  
 Hear how the lambkins bleat !  
 Together o'er the plains we'll rove,  
 Together seek some peaceful grove,  
 Some innocent retreat.

DELIA.

If virtuous love my shepherd moves,  
 I neither fear in woods or groves  
 With him to pass my hours :  
 With him to share the fragrant gale,  
 That wantons thro' the flow'ry vale,  
 Or hail the sylvan powers.

COLIN.

## C O L I N.

How oft has PHILOMELA heard  
Your COLIN pass his honest word,

“E’er faithful to remain!”

How oft, while resting in the shade,  
Has DELIA been (Thou lovely maid)

The topic of his theme!

## D E L I A.

If COLIN means not to betray,  
Or lead an artless maid astray,

Each doubt I may suppress:

With lasting passion let me love,

His tender comfort ever prove,

And none but COLIN bless.

## C O L I N.

Thou lustre of the rising morn,  
Unknown to guile, its snares I scorn,

And purest love profess:

With constant undissembled truth

I’ll crown your lovely-blooming youth,

And none but DELIA bless.

The



## The INVITATION,

## A Song.

**S**EE how, my maid, the gladfome day  
 Invites to taste the shade,  
 Impervious to the sunny ray  
 By clofing verdure made!

What vernal charms the feafon blefs!  
 My fair, let's wafte no time,  
 But all the pleasures blithe poffefs,  
 While in our youthful prime.

See how the tender foliage grows,  
 Investing ev'ry bough;  
 The op'ning flow'r moft sweetly blows,  
 And all is joyous now.

Behold the blooms in order rife,  
 And fcent the ambient air:  
 Oh! come and feaft your fparkling eyes,  
 And fylvan grandeur fhare.

The billing birds on ev'ry fpray  
 Proclaim their artlefs loves:  
 The lark and finch improve the lay,  
 In concert with the doves.

## THE LAUREL-WREATH.

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The gladden'd flocks, thick-nibbling round,  
The grateful verdure taste:

The snow-white lambkins skip and bound,  
In simple pastime blest.

Such harmless sweets may we enjoy,  
Inclin'd to sport and play:

Let us the smiling hours employ,  
Before youth's sweets decay:

See, Charmer, dancing o'er the lee  
The lads and lasses gay!  
Let's join their honest jollity,  
And hail the pow'r of MAY.



### The SUCCESSFUL LOVER's Faithful Protestation, A SONG.

WITH deep-fetch'd sighs, and trembling fear,  
In yon enamel'd grove,  
To STELLA (with a pensive air)  
Thus STREPHON told his love:

"No ill-meant flame, my STELLA, lies

"Within my honest heart;

"From faithful thoughts my words arise

"Unfinished by art.

"With



"With you, my soul would gladly rest,

"Confin'd from other fair,

"Nor wish to be more fully blest,

"Nor wish a sweeter care :

"Then, STELLA, let your faithful swain

"Your mind to love incline ;

"Let him his warmest wish obtain,

"Our hands let HYMEN join."

Young STELLA, with a bashful air,

That spoke at once consent,

Soft-smiling, eas'd her shepherd's care,

And vow'd herself content

With him to tread the paths of life,

Thro' all its mazy turns ;

His friend to be, and tender wife,

In mutual Love's returns.





HARRY and LUCY, a Song, *somewhat* in imitation of an Ode in HORACE.

H A R R Y.

WHEN joyous HAL possess'd your arms,  
Nor any swain of brighter charms

Your swan-soft bosom prest :

Oh! then he shar'd the rapt'rous kiss;

Strange pleasure fir'd his heart with bliss,

No king was e'er so blest!

L U C Y.

While HAL, with constant lover's care,

Thought none with LUCY could compare,

Her heart was free from pain :

No maid was then so blest as me,

More happy could a mortal be,

Upon our sportive plain!

H A R R Y.

What tho' I once have LUCY scorn'd,

And for another maiden burn'd,

See now I break the chain,

And strait commence your steady mate,

Until the last decree of Fate

Shall snatch your honest swain. LUCY.

## L U C Y.

Let HYMEN know your flame is true ;

I'll live and die, my swain, with you,

As faithful as the *light* :

With mutual Love your youth to bless,

My heart is yours—'Twill ne'er be less

Than your unchanging right.



## HYMN, on the New Year, 1765.

**A** WAKE in grateful sounds, my lyre,  
And gratefully revere

The Pow'r, who bids your notes aspire

To sing the new-born year.

Let rising thankfulness inflame

The unmolested song,

To duly raise his glorious name,

And ev'ry note prolong.

Be mine the task, to chaunt his praise,

With loud hosanna's join,

Ye blest angelic choirs ! who raise

Your voices most divine.

Delighted shall my ev'ry sense

Exert its feeble might,

Him to adore, who does dispense

Alternate day and night.

Who .

Who can command the starry pole,  
The devious planets cheer,  
That these the boisterous main controul,  
Those lead the circling year.

Who did on me rich mercies show'r,  
My GOD confess'd appear,  
My heav'nly safeguard, thro' each hour  
Of ev'ry passing year.

My soul, bespeak a grateful mind ;  
Let God be still your care,  
That you may still his mercies find,  
Thro' each succeeding year.



COLIN's Expression of Bliss,  
A SONG.

**B**ENEATH a honeyfuckle's shade  
Whose fragrance fill'd the leafy glade,  
Young COLIN lay reclin'd :  
And as the Zephyrs, sweet and fair,  
Diffus'd their odours thro' the air,  
He thus disclos'd his mind.



" Oh ! might but PHOEBE's brilliant mien

" Adorn this pleasure-planted scene,

" How joyous should I be !

" In PHOEBE's charms I truly prove,

" That Reason must submit to Love,

" And I no more am free.

" Her Beauty courts each heart to Love ;

" She's Empress of th'Idalian Grove,

" No swain but knows 'tis so :

" Whene'er her artless bloom I view,

" Some grace, some air for ever new,

" Perfection's lustre show :

" Then, oh ! ye pow'rs of Love divine,

" Grant dearest PHOEBE may be mine,

" Oh ! ease a Love-struck breast !

" 'Tis all, ye pow'rs, that I desire,

" The whole I ask, all I require,

" To be with PHOEBE blest."



+++++

The Eleventh ODE of the first Book of HOR.

Translated.

**D**O not desire, LEUCONOE,  
Nor strive too much to know,  
What term of life to you or me,  
The gracious Gods bestow.

No *Babylonian* Numbers try,  
Astrologers detest,  
Such arts despise, for when you'll die  
The Gods determine best.

Bear each event with patient mind,  
And shun the vain desire,  
To seek what you may never find,  
Nor ever can acquire.

While rosy Youth's glad pleasures last,  
Let sparkling wine go round :  
For envious Time, once gone and past,  
Is no where to be found.

An



## An EPIGRAM.

**A**T one time, JENNY could inspire  
 Each shepherd on the plain,  
 With fondest love and soft desire,  
 But never eas'd a pain :  
 Observe, she's turn'd of Forty-eight,  
 And ne'er a flame has got ;  
 She'd love, but, faith ! it is too late,  
 Virginitv's her lot.



The SHEPHERD's Wish, or, The MORNING  
 LAY, A SONG.

**W**HEN SOL diffus'd his early beams  
 Far gilding all the plain,  
 A shepherd in the morning rose,  
 Exchanging labour for repose,  
 To wake an am'rous strain,

MYRTILLA form'd his favour'd lay,  
 Love fir'd his youthful breast,  
 His flocks, untended, straggling fed  
 And whatfo'er he sung or said  
 With warmth was thus express'd.

Oh!

- " Oh ! did but grace this blest'd retreat  
 " The charming Fair I sing,  
 " The wish'd-for pleasure I might find,  
 " Whene'er Contentment smoothes the mind,  
 " Exempt from ev'ry sting !  
 " To pass with her the smiling time  
 " In lov'd rusticity,  
 " Would furnish stores of softest bliss,  
 " Arising from the rapt'rous kiss,  
 " No one so blest as me !  
 " Oh ! come and see, my fond delight,  
 " The flow'r-enwoven shade :  
 " Attend to hear your trusty swain,  
 " Increase your praise in ev'ry strain,  
 " Much-lov'd, admir'd Maid ! "



THE MORNING INVITATION TO RURAL SHADE,  
A SONG.

COME, STELLA, view the blushing morn  
 Unveil her radiant eyes ;  
 What sparkling dew bedecks the thorn,  
 While flocks from coverts rise  
 To seek the verdant pasture round !  
 The birds from ev'ry spray,  
 With early song the fields surround,  
 To hail the infant day !

VOL. I.

D

Haste.



Haste, STELLA, haste ; the shady bow'rs  
 Are hung with flow'ry green ;  
 With Pleasure wing'd, the painted hours  
 Rejoice the lively scene ;  
 Gay Nature all her beauty spreads  
 O'er Earth's embroider'd ground ;  
 Sweet FLORA wakes to joy the meads,  
 With blooming honours crown'd.

Oh ! let my lays excite consent ;  
 See yonder neighb'ring grove,  
 Our blissful time may there be spent  
 In proving mutual Love.  
 Lift to my strains, thou graceful fair ;  
 Come bless my still retreat,  
 Quick to the peaceful plain repair,  
 And make my joys complete.



### CAUTIOUS PHYLLIS, A SONG.

**A**S PHYLLIS fought a vagrant ewe,  
 Attended by her swain,  
 The God of Love attended too  
 These wand'ers of the plain ;  
 The hours unheeded pass'd away,  
 The minutes softly flew,  
 With him she pass'd a summer's day,  
 Forgetful of her ewe.

“ See,

THE LAUREL-WREATH.

51

" See, PHYLLIS, see," the shepherd said,

" The rose on yonder bush ;

" How languid looks its brightest red,

" Compar'd to your sweet blush !

" Observe the lily in the vale,

" It looks with drooping hue ;

" Your fairness 'tis makes this so pale,

" And bowing yield to you."

'Twas quickly answer'd by the fair,

" See how the Turtle-doves

" On yonder oak soft pleasure share,

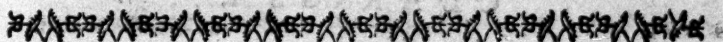
" And tender coo their loves !

" So we enamour'd pleasures might

" With mutual kindness shew ;

" But see, approaching fable Night,

" And so, fond swain, adieu !"



COLIN and CLARISSA,

A PASTORAL.

C O L I N.

SEE, dear CLARISSA, all things prove  
The pleasures and the pangs of Love ;  
While Spring bespreads the ground,  
The wanton birds remount the spray  
—Commence the love-impassion'd lay,  
In sweet assemblage round.

D 2

C L A.

## THE LAUREL-WREATH.

CLARISSA.

Kind Nature's blessings I behold,  
 The skipping fawns, the playful fold,  
 And ev'ry rural scene;  
 Sweet verdure paints each tree and bush,  
 I hear the merry lark and thrush,  
 But know not what you mean.

COLIN.

In love, like them, I'd pleasures prove,  
 For this, my Fair, 's the time for love,  
 While Nature's wrapt in joy:  
 And while in Spring she's gay and sweet,  
 The grove invites, 'tis Love's retreat,  
 Why looks my maid so coy!

CLARISSA.

We'd better mind our bleating care,  
 "Of groves," my mother says, "beware;  
 "There's danger in the groves!"  
 Come, let us wonted toil pursue,  
 With care our lambs unwearied view,  
 As innocent as doves.

COLIN.

## C O L I N.

Why then, my tender cautious maid,  
 Since of the groves so much afraid,  
 To fear *there* lurks some harm:  
 Dear charmer, let us join our hands  
 In *Hymenean* happy bands,  
 While inclination's warm.

## C L A R I S S A.

Why, COLIN, must I blushes own?  
 You make me smile;—you make me frown;—  
 I deem myself—too young!—  
 But let me see!—I'm now a slave,  
 And then I shall more freedom have;  
 —Hang your bewitching Tongue!



## AN ODE TO SCIENCE.

(N. B. This Ode was part of a poetical Epistle to a Friend, in consequence of his desiring me to write him a few extempore thoughts on this subject. It is imagined, therefore, that the manner and cause of its being written will prove an apology for its want of extensiveness; and the more so, as the subject is in fact almost illimitable.)

## I.

SCIENCE, my Friend! is that instructive ray,  
 Which leads the mind to intellectual day;



Few taste its secret joys, few keep in sight  
 Its mazy windings to sublimest height;  
 Thrice blest'd are those the lib'ral arts possess,  
 Above the vulgar great or vulgar less!

## II.

For theirs is bliss sublime, to them belong  
 The life of genius and the nerve of song;  
 From Wisdom's shrine, their off'rings to the  
 With grateful incense unmolested rise;  
 Refin'd by Truth, their lucid Fancy's led;  
 With Reason's aid, her peaceful paths they tread:  
 Look down on earth, despising scenes so mean,  
 And mourn a world of Ignorance and Spleen.

## III.

Science can disperse the care  
 From Distress's rod we bear,  
 And Misfortune's scourges dare;  
 Illumine Thought to trim the mind,  
     Establish rightful laws,  
     To find the first great Cause,  
 Eternal Essence, unconfin'd.

## IV.

Behold! unerring Nature's teeming page,  
 Her life, her beauty! and behold the Sage  
 In humble posture to fair Science bends,  
 Who lifts her suppliant, and assistance lends;

Heightens

## THE LAUREL-WREATH.

55

Heightens each prospect Fancy can explore,  
And strikes out Heav'n from what was Earth before.

### V.

To life's last wick, consuming under years,  
She gives her oil ;—compassionate appears ;—  
Unmov'd at Destiny's extended shears ;  
Softens the pangs which sharp Disorder bears,  
And one calm smile above Affliction wears.

### VI.

Parent of Comfort, Virtue's Friend !  
Age and Youth on Thee depend ;  
If the soul thy pow'rs invest,  
Imagination springs  
On Wisdom's eagle wings,  
And blazes thro' the widen'd breast.

### VII.

Thro' Science' eye, the Painters labours view,  
His living images for ever new ;  
What shade, what colour, from his pencil flows !  
How Nature smiles as warm idea glows !  
*Alive* she seems where'er she takes her stand,  
New-born from RAPHAEL's imitative hand.

### VIII.

Blest beyond measure is the man, who feels  
The thousand blessings Literature yields ;

Him shall Philosophy's bright garland crown,  
 And lustre-shedding Wisdom call her own;  
 His mind from low desires shall be elate,  
 And heighten comforts thro' a mortal state;  
 Disdaining Fortune's rich illit'rate pride,  
 While nurtur'd Science deigns to be his guide!



## ODE TO VIRTUE.

### I.

**V**IRTUE! thou great important good,  
 Best beauty of the soul:  
 Thou canst each intellect refine,  
 And ev'ry thought controul!

### II.

From Thee unnumber'd graces flow,  
 And all thy charms display,  
 Exalted beauties shall reside  
 In thy celestial ray.

### III.

In scenes of woe and deep distress,  
 Where Melancholy dwells,  
 Virtue alone, with lenient hand,  
 The horrid gloom dispells.

Unspotted

## IV.

Unspotted Love and Innocence  
Compose thy genial train ;  
While Justice, Truth, and Charity,  
With thee for ever reign.

## V.

Thy pow'rs subdue the savage mind,  
To Pity tyrants move ;  
Good-nature springs at thy command,  
And Rage dissolves to Love.

## VI.

With chearful looks, devoid of fear,  
The Graces round thee play :  
And guide thy footsteps surely right  
To everlasting day.

## VII.

Triumphant o'er the blaze of pride,  
The man of virtue smiles,  
Nor envies him his vainest joys  
The sycophant beguiles.



## IX.

Nor Age, nor Death, thy premium cloud;  
 But, permanent and sure,  
 Beyond the span of mortal life,  
 Thy blest effects endure.



## ADVICE TO A LADY.

Being Part of an Epistle.

## I.

**T**HO' cruel stars have made you wait  
 Till turn'd of *Thirty-two*,  
 Despair repel, 'tis not too late  
 To ogle, sigh, and woo.

## II.

Be cautious, therefore, **SALLY**, pray;  
 Avoid to rashly wed;  
 For still you rival blooming **MAY**,  
 Still glow your cheeks with red.

When

## III.

When youths address, be not too nice,  
Contemn not HYMEN's band,  
Observe and take a friend's advice,  
To gain the happy land.

## IV.

The rake and libertine profane,  
With equal hate detest;  
Reject their offers with disdain,  
And yet a maiden rest.

## V.

Conceited wits, and cowards base,  
Or BACCHUS' proselytes,  
In your affection never place;  
They scorn the marriage-rites.

## VI.

Let him of an *affected* cast,  
With feather or starch'd band;  
In detestation be the last  
To whom you give your hand.

## VII.

Be he, who sways your am'rous mind,  
Good-humour'd, kind, not gay;  
In him, you may that comfort find  
Affection shall repay.

## VIII.

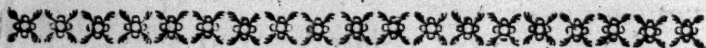
His study be to know himself,  
 And not his wife perplex,  
 No fordid slave to gather pelf,  
 No critic o'er the sex.

## IX.

His disposition mild and free,  
 His mind exceed his face,  
 His judgment cause his choice of thee,  
 Which let not Time deface.

## X.

To this advice attention lend,  
 And from all others flee;  
 So, from the precepts of a friend,  
 You'll find felicity.



## CONTENTMENT,

## An ODE.

*Divus qui Contentus.*

## I.

**C**ONTENT! Thou balm of human life,  
 In whom we ever find  
 All happiness, from Heav'n that flows  
 On earth, for man design'd

Thou,

## II.

Thou, pleasing virtue, in each state,  
Or high or humbly low,  
Canst elevate our greatest bliss,  
Or smooth our greatest woe.

## III.

'Tis thou inspir'st the soul of man  
With comfort's pure delight,  
And mak'st her think life's changes all,  
Tho' strange, are surely right.

## IV.

Thy blest effects can riches bring,  
And such as safe endure,  
Beyond the charms of *India's* gold,  
More permanent and sure.

## V.

For, tho' thou may'st not always heal  
Disquietude of mind :  
Thy contribution yields the pow'r  
To keep the soul resign'd.

## VI.

With thee no rude repinings dwell,  
Nor murmur with thee lives :  
With gratitude thou bending tak'st  
What good thy Maker gives.



## VII.

No fordid views thou entertain'st,  
 No Envy, Hate, or Pride :  
 By thee Ambition is disdain'd,  
 And all its force destroy'd.

## VIII.

Thou Party and Corruption's rage  
 Art ready to abate :  
 Thy moderation scorns to view  
 Those pests to ev'ry state.

## IX.

Supported by herself, thou mak'st  
 The soul at peaceful rest :  
 She smiles amid thy purest joys,  
 And mollifies the breast.

## X.

Why should we then, with anxious care,  
 Deep sigh for wealth or show ?  
 Content alone remains the bliss,  
 The rest but gilded woe.

## XI.

Let those who list, for shadows strive ;  
 And wealth for pleasure try ;  
 They shall be great, I'll envy not  
 Their splendid poverty.

Give

## XII.

Give me Content! 'Tis all I beg  
 Of gracious Heav'n to grant:  
 Contentment, in a middle state,  
 Is all my wishes want.



## AN EPIGRAM.

SAYS STELLA, one eve, "I'll repair to the Park;  
 "FANNY, fetch me my tippet and scarf;  
 "I'll try if for once I can wound in the dark;  
 "If I should, you jade; how I should laugh!"  
 Says FANNY, "I'll try too to wound in the dark,  
 "When my charms like yours, Madam, are fled:  
 "And think it quite prudent to hide from *the light*,  
 "When I'm conscious my face strikes a *dread*."





ODE to a young LADY, whose Character had  
been most basely and undeservedly aspersed.

*Dat veniam corvis & vex censura columbis.*

## I.

TRANSCENDENT maid! the path divine  
Of Virtue still pursue;  
And thro' traduction's pressure shine,  
More splendid to the view.

## II.

So, when the intervening cloud  
Conceals the solar ray,  
Emerging from its sable shroud,  
More bright's the God of Day.

## III.

Let fell MEGÆRA stain the worth  
She never could possess;  
'Twas Envy gave her anger birth,  
Black Scandal shall confess.

## IV.

My humble Muse, compassion draws,  
To serve an injur'd maid :  
And gladly I uphold the cause  
By innocency sway'd.

## V.

Your charms of sense and modesty  
Continue to improve :  
Like Virtue, they shall never die,  
Establishing your love.

## VI.

MEGÆRA's tongue may blast the fame,  
That founded is on truth :  
But ne'er shall Envy stain the name  
Of your unspotted youth.

## VII.

Black Calumny may lies impart,  
Yet who her tales would hear,  
But gossips of corrupted heart ?  
And such you need not fear ?

## VIII.

For who such prating pies would mind,  
Of neighbourhood the bane,  
Who others' foibles prone to find,  
Are scandalous in vain ?

Her



## IX.

Detraction is to you a praise,  
 Her censure is no blame;  
 Her envy will your merit raise,  
 Recoiling her own shame.

## X.

Then fear not fly calumnious tales,  
 They're but as dying smoke:  
 For truth distinguish'd will prevail,  
 And weeds of falshood choaks.



## O D E T O E L I Z A.

## I.

**M**Y doubtful Muse, in gentle song,  
 For thee the lyre has strung:  
 Soft Love the fav'rite notes prolong,  
 While fair ELIZA's sung.

## II.

She, lovely maid ! my infant Muse  
 First taught poetic art,  
 (Refresh'd by *Heliconian* dews)  
 Her passion to impart!

For

## III.

For her, the first on Fancy's wing  
To *Pindus* strove to fly :  
The lute melodious sought to string,  
Her humble flight to try.

## IV.

On her, the Graces all attend,  
Contentment from her flows ;  
On her, the gayest hours depend  
My heart exulting knows.

## V.

The painted warblers of the grove,  
That chaunt harmonious lays,  
Forget their artless songs of love,  
To sing ELIZA's praise.

## VI.

Of *Cyprus* she's the blissful Queen,  
Elysium's in her smile ;  
Celestial is her charming mien,  
Her mind's without a foil.

## VII.

Let HORACE of his LYDIA sing,  
And on her beauties dwell :  
ELIZA's praise my lyre shall string,  
His charmer to excel.

Her

## VIII.

Her faultless symmetry of face  
 With extacy I toast :  
 Ye love-crown'd swains, no brighrer grace  
 Your fairest Nymphs can boast.

## IX.

No cheek is blown with brighter dyes,  
 No gait than her's more grand :  
 No keener glances beam from eyes,  
 Than those which me command.

## X.

The midnight lamp, the painful page,  
 No more my mind employ :  
 She must my warmest thoughts engage,  
 Who gives me all my joy.



ODE XXI. of the Third Book of HORACE  
 Translated.

**T**HOU worthy cask of *Massic* wine,  
 That art of equal age with mine !  
 Whether you're prone to give us joy,  
 Or in Love's charms our minds employ ;  
 Whether you sink us down in grief,  
 Or bring us pensive, sweet, relief ;

Or

Or in ambrosial balmy sleep  
We your topers' temples steep ;  
Now, now, I'll broach your front, I say,  
And this shall be the festive day ;  
For my best friend I now design  
To draw your richest mellow wine.  
Tho' he to Science shall attend,  
He is, *dear cask* ! thy faithful friend.  
'Twas thou great CARO didst inspire,  
And warm his breast with social fire ;  
With genial influence, thou canst oft  
Melt hardest tempers into soft ;  
Your potent strength takes off disguise,  
And in their counsels helps the wise ;  
Thy gentle force relieves our care,  
And dissipates the fix'd despair.  
Thro' thee, young BACCHUS can dispense  
The joys of life to ev'ry sense ;  
In you, the poor can boldness find,  
And, when you elevate the mind,  
No kind of danger can we fear,  
Or monarch's frown, or soldier's spear.  
Come, BACCHUS, and young VENUS fair,  
Approach with jovial-pleasing air.  
Ye youthful Graces, charming band,  
Be present, dancing hand in hand :  
While, *dearest cask*, the taper's flame  
Shall to the bowl direct thy stream :  
Till young AURORA, gayly-bright,  
Shall dissipate nocturnal light.

To





## TO LEANDER.

**I**F you, LEANDER, would obtain a heart,  
 And tender love by gentle deeds impart,  
 The silent rhet'rick I'd at first commend,  
 For silent merit seldom wants a friend ;  
 By saying little, first the passions move,  
 For oft in words resides more wit than love ;  
 But if your care must be in words express'd,  
 Tell half your flame, and softly sigh the rest ;  
 A rising sigh or tear she'll understand,  
 Join'd to the pressure of a trembling hand ;  
 But if in writing you your thoughts confess,  
 Too long you cannot write, too much express ;  
 Without restriction, loose your love and truth,  
 With all the force of words and fire of youth ;  
 So shall you ev'ry tender thought impart,  
 To seal a conquest o'er AMANDA's heart.



SONG.



## S O N G.

YOUNG Lucy animates my strain,  
 The prettiest maid upon the plain,  
 Belov'd by ev'ry Grace;  
 The rustic, and the debonnair,  
*That she's the queen of smiles, declare,*  
 And idolize her face.

One morn, as I survey'd the fold,  
 By chance I did the Fair behold,  
 And, conquer'd by her eyes,  
 My freedom was that moment sold;  
 My sense a recent flame controll'd,  
 And struck me with surprize.

With Lucy then I hail'd the May,  
 'Twas she alone possess'd my lay,  
 Both morn, and noon, and night;  
 I watch'd her lambkins thro' the lawn,  
 No shepherd sooner breath'd the dawn;  
 She was my whole delight.

I gave

I gave the Nymph a firstling lamb,  
Just taken from its bleating dam,

My passion to explain;  
Of doves I gave a milk-white pair,  
And swore each moment to declare,  
'Twas Lucy caus'd my pain.

But still she's mindless of my smart,  
Regardless of my aching heart,

She robs my soul of bliss;  
Inconstant as the restless wind,  
To all but me is Lucy kind,  
All share but me the kiss.

## TO CHLOE.

### A LYRIC ODE.

#### I.

**T**HY comely shape and matchless mien  
With pleasure I survey:  
Thy lovely mind, as Peace serene,  
And temper mild as May.

#### II.

Thy crimson cheeks and brilliant eyes  
Forbid thy swain to rove:  
Still greater charms I see arise,  
Which tempt my heart to love.

Tho'

## III.

The beauties of thy mind I view,  
 And on thy merits dwell:  
 Her charms must be for ever new,  
 Whose mind can thus excel.

## IV.

In thee the Graces all remain,  
 And loveliness dispense:  
 The virtues join the gentle train  
 To ravish ev'ry sense.

For tho' a set of features charm  
 And catch the supple soul,  
 'Tis Virtue that alone can warm,  
 And reign without controul.



ODE XXII. of the Third Book of HORACE  
 Translated.

**O**F hills and groves, thou guardian maid!  
 Invok'd by mystic names,  
 Who deign'st to lend propitious aid  
 To save our pregnant Dames!



To thee, I'll consecrate the pine  
 That shades my country seat,  
 And yearly sacrifice a swine,  
 My off'ring to complete.



ODE XXIV. of the Third Book of  
 HORACE Translated.

WHAT tho' you are of gold possess'd,  
 And haughty structures raise:  
 Tho' you with *India's* wealth are bless'd  
 And build amid the seas:

Yet neither fame, or wealth, or state,  
 From fable Fate can flee:  
 Nor all conjoin'd can extricate;  
 —From death no mortal's free.

The vagrant *Scythians* happy be,  
 Who never fix'd remain,  
 But wheel the huts incessantly  
 O'er their extended plain.

Happy the *Getae* bold and brave,  
 Who equal fortune bear:  
 Whom no tyrannic laws enslave—  
 —Rude industry their share.

Whose

Whose guiltless wives hold children dear,  
Nor, like our step-dames, know  
The mind-tormenting conscious fear  
From cruelties which flow.

Altho' *high-portion'd*, they ne'er claim  
A pow'r above the spouse :  
And never are expos'd to shame  
By gallants' faithless vows.

With them, the dowry lovers claim  
Is Virtue's stainless gem :  
The high hereditary fame  
Is most esteem'd by them.

Oh ! wou'd some patriot wife and good  
With pity us behold !  
Alike restrain our thirst of blood,  
And fordid love of gold !

Would he restrain our dire disgrace,  
Our vice and spreading shame !  
We'd him in brazen statues place,  
Immortal make his name.

For tho', while living, we reject  
To give fair Virtue's prize :  
When dead, we then with warm respect  
Her worth immortalize.

But why does Justice wield her sword,

Why do we thus complain?

Justice must sure be deem'd absurd,

If Vice she can't restrain.

For what are laws, and where's their force

Unless they are obey'd?

They should of Justice be the source,

By moral Virtues sway'd.

If neither heats nor colds restrain

The merchant to explore

The terrors of the briny wave,

For sake of fordid ore.

If meagre want the lands possess,

From court down to the cot:

No wonder Justice is the less,

And Virtue much forgot.

Oh! let us rouse from dang'rous sleep,

And spurn the baleful ore:

With vigilance our Virtue keep,

Preserve its precious store.

From ev'ry vicious course refrain,

And equally detest,

Of *Sin* the *paths*, of *Wealth* the *pain*,

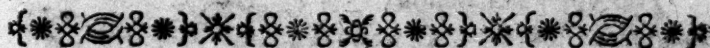
And prize the stainless breast.

What

What shame and what disgraceful vice,  
 Our youth of noble race  
 Should study nought but cards and dice,  
 And the ignoble cface!

Inglorious youth! whose perjur'd fires,  
 Their coffers to uphold,  
 Are knaves and misers, fools and lyars,  
 The dupes of slavish gold,

In *which* they never meet Content,  
 That balm of human life:  
 Their views on *Something* ever bent,  
 A *Something* still's their strife.



The most Conspicuous FAIR.  
 A SONG.

I.

**A** VAUNT, ye prudes; coquets, retire!  
 No charms in You I see:  
 'Tis CHLOE must my bosom fire,  
 For she's the girl for me!

WOLLA

E 3 ]

Her



## II.

Her lovely mien, devoid of art,  
 From affectation's free :  
 'Tis she alone can bliss impart,  
 Who is the girl for me.

## III.

Her heart with mutual passion glows,  
 With true sincerity :  
 How sweet the blessings she bestows,  
 Who is the girl for me.

## IV.

Her cheeks the cherry can improve,  
 Her voice is harmony :  
 Each feature beams with radiant love,  
 Who is the girl for me.

## V.

She's more than CROZUS' stores can yield,  
 Good-natur'd, kind, and free :  
 Was she reduc'd to lowest want,  
 She'd be the girl for me.

A MORN-

THE LAUREL-WREATH.

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A MORNING HYMN.

I.

**A** pious warmth awakes my heart,  
My guardian God to praise :  
Whose gifts the cheerful dawn impart,  
From slumbers me to raise.

II.

The morning-sun, enraptur'd sight !  
Gold-tips the eastern hills :  
Triumphant o'er the vanquish'd night,  
The world with splendour fills.

III.

When lately wrapt in gloom of night,  
And veil'd with darkness round,  
I still was open to thy sight,  
In mercy most profound !

IV.

To God, blest cause ! I grateful give  
The praise so much his due :  
By whose protection still I live,  
My gratitude to shew !

## V.

Thy watchful Providence did keep  
Me from external ill,  
Refresh'd my frame with balmy sleep,  
My soul with peace to fill.

## VI.

Oh ! let my soul my actions square  
By thy most sacred laws,  
Thy blessings evermore declare,  
And own Thee for the cause

## VII.

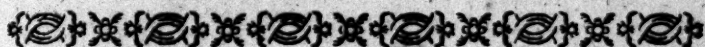
Of ev'ry good, which teems on earth,  
And blest Contentment brings !  
Thy forming hand gave Nature birth,  
Thou greatest King of Kings !

## VIII.

In loftier lays, Oh ! could I swell  
My weak but grateful song !  
Upon thy Goodness would I dwell,  
And *Praise* to *Bliss* prolong !

THE LAUREL-WREATH.

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S O N G.

I.

**Y**E pow'rs! an artless swain inspire,  
To tune ROSELLA's praise:  
Your warmest impulse I require,  
To animate my lays!

II.

The blooming maid pure Nature charms,  
Virtue her mind improves:  
With pleasure ev'ry breast she warms,  
And ev'ry shepherd moves,

III.

To fill his pipe with choicest strains  
Of love-inducing lays:  
While Echo mocks their oft-tried lays,  
Luxurious in her praise.

IV.

The charms of ev'ry softer grace,  
The lovely nymph adorn,  
Each feature of whose dimpled face  
Exceeds the rosy morn.

V.

Th'admir'd fair new lustre gives  
To scenes of rural life:  
Upon *her* smiles poor STREPHON lives,  
*Whose* Love's each shepherd's strife.



## VI.

At peace, in some retir'd scene,  
 How would her beauties please !  
 With her my heart would be serene,  
 My mind at perfect ease.



In Imitation of the Twenty-second ODE of the  
 First Book of HORACE.

## I.

**H**E, that to vice no favour shows,  
 Nor e'er from Nature's dictates goes,  
 Securely blest in innocence,  
 Can nothing want for his defence.

## II.

Rejecting quiver, dart, or bow,  
 He dauntless meets his angry foe ;  
 Nor can he want the burnish'd spear,  
 Whose soul's exempt from conscious fear.

## III.

Thro' *Scythian* frows, and *Lybian* sands,  
 O'er warring plains, or steril lands,  
 Or where the fam'd *Hydaspes* flows,  
 With Virtue arm'd, he safely goes.

For,

## IV.

For, while, in *Sabine* wood, quite free  
 From care, I sung my *LALAGE*,  
 A Wolf tremendous cross'd my way,  
 But fled from his defenceless prey.

## V.

Not warlike *Dannia*'s forests feed,  
 Nor desarts of *Numidia* breed,  
 A creature, half so fierce as he,  
 Their dreary caverns never see.

## VI.

Ye Pow'rs, place me where the breeze  
 Of Spring ne'er cheers the glebe or trees:  
 Where Winter's horrors fierce appear,  
 And frown inclement all the year.

## VII.

At fickle Fate I'd not repine,  
 Tho' plac'd beneath the Torrid Line,  
 With soothing words, and gentle smiles,  
 Be *DAPHNE* near, to ease my toils!

The Tenth ODE of the Second Book of HORACE.

Translated.

I.

WISE they, who, with a cautious fear,  
Their barks from tempests keep :  
Who shun the rocks, and from them steer,  
And careful launch the deep !

II.

The man, who takes the golden mean,  
Ambition seldom fires :  
Life's waves to him are most serene,  
Who ne'er to Pride aspires.

III.

He's not reduc'd to poor retreat,  
Who Moderation loves :  
Nor will he covet to be great,  
Who Temperance approves.

IV.

Storms mostly strike the lofty pines,  
Majestic, stait, and tall :  
By thunder's stroke, or angry winds,  
The strongest towers fall.

A mind

V.

A mind prepar'd in either state  
 Hopes in Adversity :  
 Nor too much will itself elate,  
 Amidst Prosperity.

VI.

The Pow'r that does the Winter bring,  
 Directs the circling year :  
 Alternate wheels the lively Spring,  
 And dissipates our fear.

VII.

Altho' with frowns you Fortune see,  
 Despair, my friend, refuse :  
 For now APOLLO points at thee,  
 And now inspires the Muse.

VIII.

Henceforward then courageous be,  
 With equal prudence sail :  
 In Want and in Prosperity,  
 Let evenness prevail.

The



The Fourteenth ODE of the Second Book of  
HORACE, Translated.

**P**OSTHUMUS, see (my friend) alas!  
The flying years glide on apace,  
And hurry thro' each stage :  
Nor wrinkled face nor hoary hairs  
Can you secure with pious cares,  
To stop the course of age.

II.

For, was you to (each day you live)  
Inexorable PLUTO give  
Of all your herds the best :  
With princes, peasants, and most poor,  
The fable *Stryx* you must pass o'er,  
And leave what you possess'd.

III.

In vain we shun then bloody MARS,  
The shrill alarms of fatal wars :  
In vain the South wind fear,  
We moil in vain with slave-like care,  
At last to leave some thankless heir  
The wealth we've gather'd here.

Then

## IV.

Then live, my friend ; enjoy this life !  
 You soon must leave your house and wife,  
     And Fate's commands obey :  
 Reflect, how soon a lib'ral heir  
 May waste that wine which now you spare,  
     And lavish it away !



## SOLITUDE: AN ODE.

## I.

**H**AIL, blest retreat, where Solitude  
     With calmness fills my breast !  
 Where wordly tumults ne'er intrude,  
     To interrupt my rest.

## II.

Where Sleep refreshing holds the night,  
     And lulls the easy mind :  
 No empty fears the soul affright,  
     To Providence resign'd.

Affliction's

## III.

Affliction's pangs fly far from hence,  
 Where Time flies soft away:  
 While Contemplation's joys dispense  
 Their influence thro' the day:

## IV.

*Here* solid pleasures ever flow,  
 And Science' glories rise,  
 To teach my heart this truth to know,  
 "From Riches Perils rise."

## V.

*Here* I survey, from dangers free,  
 Weak man by Folly lost,  
 Upon the World's tempestuous sea,  
 On roughest billows tost.

## VI.

No factious strife, this still retreat  
 In madness can invade:  
 For Virtue *here* has fixt her seat,  
 In kindred peace array'd.

While

## VII.

While Reason is my faithful guide,  
 And Nature fair my plan :  
 For calm Content I'll barter Pride,  
 And strive not Heav'n to scan.

## VIII.

The Court and Play, as pompous wiles,  
 I from my breast repel :  
 And banish Fortune's jilting smiles,  
 In Solitude to dwell.

\*\*\*\*\*

## CORYDON TO CHLOE

## A PASTORAL ODE.

## I.

**M**Y gentle CHLOE, dearest maid,  
 Prove not averse to Love :  
 Oh! let the slave, your charms have m  
 Your soft compassion move !

To



## II.

To you my freedom is resign'd,  
 Do not my peace destroy :  
 One pitying smile could I but find,  
 I'd ask no higher joy.

## III.

Oh! grant me but the pow'r to live,  
 And to your arms I'll fly:  
 If you refuse this boon to give,  
 Oh! teach me how to die!

## IV.

If you consent, I'm happy made;  
 If not, I'll ever pine  
 Within some unfrequented shade,  
 And Melancholy join.

## V.

My CHLORIS, let not outside show  
 Deceive your youthful eyes :  
 If you an honest breast would know,  
 Don't CORYDON despise.

## VI.

For tho' he has no glitt'ring wealth,  
 Or titles to his name:  
 Yet he has Competence and Health,  
 And Virtue speaks his fame.

Wi thin

VII.

Within yon humble vale he lives,  
And envies not the great  
The joys, that wealth ill-gotten gives,  
Their pageantry, and state.

VIII.

The sylvan scenes look chearful round,  
And bless your shepherd's heart :  
While painted flow'rets deck the ground,  
And FLORA's gifts impart.

IX.

The blossoms mantle o'er the thorn,  
The roses sweetly blow :  
More beauties CHLOE's face adorn,  
More charms her graces show.

X.

No nymph with you, *dear nymph*, can vie,  
Fair as AURORA's ray !  
Oh ! let me not despairing lie,  
To languish life away !

XI.

O'er hills and dales I pensive rove,  
With sorrow-sinking breast :  
Or trace the windings of the grove,  
Despondently oppress'd.

When

## XII.

When CHLORIS comes, then Pleasures reign,  
 And ev'ry thing looks gay :  
 But Sadness holds the dreary plain,  
 When CHLORIS is away.

## XIII.

It is the season fair for love ;  
 Observe the feather'd choir  
 Their time in mutual glee improve,  
 And watch Love's tender fire.

## XIV.

See, yonder flocks of snowy sheep,  
 And herds of red'ning kine :  
 For You those flocks and herds I'll keep,  
 If CHLORIS will be mine.

## XV.

Sweet Charmer, then, my suit approve,  
 And bless my rural cell !  
 Contentment's joys, in mutual Love,  
 With us shall ever dwell !

The

## VI



## THE BEE: AN ODE.

*Venturis hiemis memores ; æstate laborem  
Experiuntur et in medium quæsitæ reponunt.* VIRG.

## I.

SEE how the Bee, with busy care,  
From buds to blossoms roves ;  
Delighted varied sweets to bear,  
From gardens, lawns, and groves !

## II.

See, how the prudent insect flies,  
To yon new-open'd rose:  
And feasting in its bosom lies  
(Luxurious repose !)

## III.

Sometimes, he skims the dimply stream,  
Now round the meadows plays:  
Or wantons in the lucid gleam  
Of Sol's all-cheering rays.

And



## IV.

And now, on wings of Zephyr rides,  
 And the clear drop devours,  
 That on the bosoms sweet resides  
 Of aromatic flow'rs.

## V.

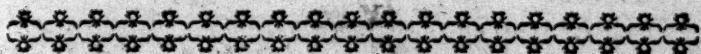
Where vi'lets breathe, and lilies grow,  
 Incessantly he roams:  
 Amassing stores, which fragrant flow  
 Within his straw-built domes.

## VI.

On ev'ry leaf how long he dwells,  
 Voracious of his prey!  
 To hoard with wealth his waxen cells,  
 He bears his spoil away.

## VII.

Relentless pillager—the Spring  
 He robs of odours pure,  
 And loads his amber-colour'd wing  
 'Gainst Winter to secure.



## ODE TO CHEARFULNESS.

## I.

JOY of the heart, thou blissful guest,  
 And source of soft delight!  
 Thy charms by ev'ry heart's confess'd,  
 As fair as dawning light.

## II.

Devoid of thee, the weight of care  
 Our sinking minds oppress:  
 Thy presence can expel despair,  
 And mitigate distress.

## III.

Too tedious rolls the time away,  
 When pain thy station keeps!  
 Dull is the feather'd warbler's lay,  
 And exil'd Pleasure sleeps.

## VI.

Tho' to the fancy blessings rise,  
 And scenes of bliss appear,  
 No gladness in the vision lies,  
 Till Chearfulness is near.

## V.

All, all's insipid, till thy ray  
 Improves the gladden'd sight !  
 It scatters ev'ry gloom away,  
 That would obstruct delight.

## VI.

Blest peace adorns thy happy train,  
 Fair, sprightly, and serene :  
 And forceful drives away each pain,  
 To gladden ev'ry scene.

## VII.

Thy aid is faithful, as 'tis kind,  
 To ev'ry honest heart :  
 Attendant on the virtuous mind,  
 Unconscious of a smart.

## VIII.

Thou wardest off the blow of fate,  
 And smil'st on innocence :  
 Exalting bliss, and less'ning woe,  
 To elevate the sense.

## IX.

To pure Contentment near allied,  
 In her thou'st fixt thy seat :  
 Unknown to supercilious Pride,  
 And to the impious great.

Thro'

## X.

Thro' thee we're led to give Him praise,  
 From whom all blessing flows :  
 Thou crown'st the round of happy days,  
 That Providence bestows.



## EPI TH A L A M I U M.

———*Fortunati ambo.*

**H**AIL, happy pair, alike in thought and mind,  
 Be each felicity to you consign'd !  
 On You shall Heav'n in choicest joys descend,  
 And guardian angels on your steps attend !  
 Let ev'ry following day new pleasure give,  
 And may you long in calm contentment live !  
 Let no corroding cares disturb your rest,  
 No anxious fears your peaceful lives molest !  
 No heartfelt sorrows may you ever know,  
 The pangs of jealous cares, mistrustful woe !  
 In her, my friend, (your mate by heaven design'd)  
 May you possess the heav'n-born virtuous mind !  
 Its joys above the charms of features rise,  
 (The shape, the rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes)  
 How soon the beauty of a face decays,  
 The short-liv'd blossom of Life's younger days !  
 But where fair Virtue occupies the soul,  
 (As she in *STELLA*'s reigns without controul)

VOL. I.

F

There,



There, as the beauties of the face decline,  
 Improv'd by Time, it rises more divine ;  
 Oh ! may the Pow'rs, who warm'd your Hearts to wed,  
 With ev'ry blessing crown the bridal bed !



The CEDAR and the SHRUB,  
 A TABLE Paraphras'd

**H**IGH as the clouds, a lofty Cedar grew,  
 And wav'd his leaf-crown'd head when Æolus  
 blew ;

His stormy rage the tree had long defied,  
 And look'd on things below with scornful pride ;  
 Above his neighbours rais'd his haughty head,  
 And awful umbrage far around them spread ;  
 With scornful pride a Shrub he thus address'd  
 (An humble Shrub the lowly vale possess'd) :  
 " Art thou not happy by my favours made ?  
 " Dost thou not breathe within my ample shade ?  
 " Canst thou not vile wretch, my charity survey ;  
 " Dost thou no homage to superiors pay ?  
 " My strength thou know'st not ; yonder structures  
 " view,  
 " Their graceful domes my kind assistance shew ;  
 " To streaming sails supporting masts I yield,  
 " To wing their passage o'er the wat'ry field ;  
 " The royal eagle, and the lion, flee,  
 " For safety, to the covert made by me." His

## THE LAUREL-WREATH.

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The boaster thus, in panegyricks bold,  
His strength, his virtues, and his uses told;  
When, lo! the woodman, with uplifted ax,  
Derides his vaunting, and his trunk attacks!  
The princely tree with tremblings feels the wound,  
And prostrate rushes on the squalid ground.

His grandeur fallen, and his honours Lost,  
Now hear the Shrub his *Insolence* accost:

"Thy arrogance is fled, thou'rt fallen now,  
"To raise no more above the mountain's brow!  
"No more condemn the rains, the winds, and hail,  
"And at thy neighbours insolently rail!  
"Hadst thou, like me, preferr'd and humble state,  
"It might have sav'd thee from untimely fate;  
"Like me, the ax thou might'st have still defy'd,  
"Nor felt the downfall of abusive pride!"



## HYMN, address'd to the SOUL.

I.

**M**YSTERIOUS Soul! Thou gift divine,  
Thou offspring from above:  
Mayst thou with bliss hereafter shine,  
In bright celestial love!

## II.

From Heaven, Source of pure delight,  
Thy bless'd existence sprung :  
Oh ! let that Fountain of all Sight  
Eternally be sung !

## III.

Inflam'd with gratitude, my Soul,  
In hymns your Maker praise !  
Resound his name from pole to pole,  
May he accept your lays !

## IV.

Oh ! let your thankful incense rise,  
His mercies to record,  
Who rules o'er earth, o'er sea, and skies :  
JEHOVAH, JOVE, or LORD !

## V.

To thy omniscient God on high,  
Warm adorations send :  
To him belongs immensity,  
And joys that know no end.

## VI.

Let BELIAL's Sons deride their God,  
On senseless idols call :  
Fear thou, my Soul, his angry rod,  
And at his altar fall.

Let

## VII.

Let wealthy fools on self confide,  
On fordid gain depend :  
Be thine the part to vanquish pride,  
And pious praises send,

## VIII.

To that blest'd Pow'r, who shall arise  
In godlike pomp array'd :  
And when confess'd to mortal eyes,  
Be not, my Soul, dismay'd !



## O D E T O W I S D O M.

## I.

**T**O WISDOM, shall the ready Muse  
Her humble off'ring bring ;  
Regardless of inferior lays,  
For her the lyre to string.

## II.

'Tis by her aid, she dares to soar  
Above the azure skies :  
Her God in wrapt ideas view,  
And all his goodness prize.



## III.

'Tis thou, fair pow'r, unbend'st the mind  
 Oppress'd with pointed care:  
 And rectifiest the dubious thought,  
 Productive of despair.

## IV.

Thy light instruct'st the docile mind,  
 And mak'st it so serene,  
 It can despise Earth's transient joys,  
 Life's visionary scene.

## V.

Thy scientific pow'rs divine,  
 How beauteous each appears,  
 When by thy light those truths are clear,  
 Which harmonize the spheres!

## VI.

Blest ray, that calm'st the human breast,  
 Immers'd in worldly cares!  
 Fair offspring of the genial glow,  
 That languid sense repairs!

## VII.

Thou mak'st the tranquil soul and free,  
 From envy, rage, and strife:  
 Who court thee are with blessings crown'd,  
 Thro' ev'ry scene of life.

How

## VIII.

How blind the youth by passions led,  
Who Folly's *calls* obey!  
Who, influenc'd by examples bad,  
Submit to Pleasure's sway!

## IX.

Oh! did they taste but half thy sweets,  
Each vice they must decline,  
And quit the painful paths of sin,  
To offer at thy shrine!

## X.

Let gain, ambitious passions move,  
And riches others sway:  
Let earthly joys the sordid please,  
And equipage the gay.

## XI.

But no Ambition fire my mind,  
True Wisdom be my plan:  
So I in genuine light shall see  
The checquer'd state of man!



## ODE TO AURORA,

## I.

SWEET blushing Nymph! the gates of light  
 With pearly hand unbar:  
 Arise, bright Goddess of the morn,  
 And mount thy rosy car!

## II.

With fair effulgence glad the East,  
 And open wide the lawn:  
 With early beams rejoice the skies,  
 And hail the dewy dawn.

## III.

Awake and rouse the jocund train,  
 Which lightly round you sport:  
 The airy Sylphs, and Zephyrs gay,  
 Your grateful favours court.

## IV.

"With blushing lips breathe forth the morn,"  
 And shed your odours round:  
 Drop from your fingers infant day,  
 To cheer the flow'ry ground.

## V.

On ev'ry plant and blooming flow'r,  
On genial wings descend :  
Enliven Nature's glowing scenes,  
For thou art Nature's friend.

## VI.

—Now from the top of yonder mount,  
I view her dawning ray :  
She ushers in the morning charms,  
And opes the new-born day.

## VII.

The groves, and ev'ry budding scene,  
Most beautiful appear :  
From Night's refreshment Nature smiles,  
In triumph o'er the year.

## VIII.

With sweetest bloom, ambrosial flow'rs  
Salute AURORA's beams :  
The trees how gay ! the air how fresh !  
How smoothly glide the streams !

## IX.

Must I attend AURORA's call,  
Nor taste the breath of *May* :  
*The cause*, tho' Nature smiles, I'm sad,  
Since CHLOE is away.



THE RETREAT: AN ODE.

**S**EQUESTER'D from the impious great,

I hail my rural cot:

Nor cast one thought on tinsel state,

Contented with my lot!

II.

The miry ministerial road,

I covet not to tread,

Where sly Deceit has fix'd abode,

And Vice erects her head.

III.

No croud of fawning slaves I see;

No politics or strife

Disturb my low rusticity,

Or interrupt my life.

IV.

No poor dependants press my gate,

From sycophants quite free:

May comforts round me ever wait,

In smooth tranquillity.

The

## V.

The vultures of the human race  
Approach not my retreat,  
Where sweet Contentment keeps a place,  
And Friendship claims a seat.

## VI.

Unfetter'd by the ills of life,  
I pass my peaceful hours,  
Regardless of the sons of Strife,  
Whom fordid Gain o'erpow'rs.

## VII.

To Nature's voice I pleas'd attend,  
And hail Retirement's shade!  
Thy blessings, Virtue, are my friend,  
In kindred peace array'd!

## VIII.

On vernal sprays, the feather'd choir  
Rejoic'd in song to hear:  
No sweeter music I require,  
To strike my humble ear.

## IX.

Remote from popular applause,  
The rural scenes I love,  
Productive of th'Eternal Cause,  
The great omniscient Jove.

## X.

Oh! Solitude, thy blessings high

Delight the pensive mind:

When bless'd with independency,

How is thy bliss refin'd!

## XI.

With pity let me look on state,

Where wealthy follies shine:

In solitude I'm rich and great,

So peace and friendship's mine!

+++++

☞ On a MOTHER'S RECOVERY from a SEVERE  
ILLNESS.

**J**UST are the ways of Providence! Supreme  
Thy sov'reign will, all-wise Omnipotent!

And shall my raptur'd soul neglect to pay

Its tributary mite of gratitude

To that eternal Wisdom, which restor'd

A drooping mother to my longing arms?—

Good Heav'n! thou know'st what bitter pangs of woe

Oppress'd my doleful heart, when on the bed

Of sickness lay my worthiest, earliest Friend—

The faithful partner of her breast in tears—

The lisping pledge \* of their connubial joys  
 (Sweet lamb! the comfort of advancing years!)  
 In vain endeavouring to create a smile  
 In that benignant visage, where Disease  
 Had fixt his cruel residence! where Pain  
 (A dire concomitant!) had rudely plac'd  
 His fatal piercing talons!—Thou alone,  
 Compassionate Director of the world,  
 Canst tell what anguish then oppress'd my heart,  
 Which thine unbounded goodness hath remov'd,  
 And turn'd to joy and gladness!—Roseate Health  
 Once more assumes dominion!—Every nerve,  
 Re-strengthen'd, seems to share the general joy!—  
 Preserve it, gracious Heav'n! and teach my soul  
 To praise thy goodness! infinite! supreme!—  
 And may this act of tender mercy fix  
 A gratitude so lasting in my breast  
 As endless ages never can efface!



## ODE ON JEALOUSY.

FROM Jealousy, the bane of Love,  
 Ye Pow'rs! my bosom free:  
 Its poison let me never prove,  
 Or know its slavery.

\* An infant daughter,

Let



110 THE LAUREL-WREATH

II.

Let not the fiend my heart possess  
To discompose my hours,  
And sully all my happiness:  
Forbid it, gracious Pow'rs!

III.

Distrust supports her tott'ring reign,  
In safety still we fear,  
And make those troubles all our own  
(Perhaps) that are not near.

IV.

Continual murmurs seize the soul,  
By dark Suspicion sway'd:  
What agonies the mind controul,  
By Jealousy dismay'd!

V.

Phantoms on phantoms thick arise,  
With torments keen we glow:  
Object on object multiplies,  
To scenes of airy woe.

VI.

Banish the monster from my breast,  
To where the Furies dwell:  
For when the mind by her's oppress'd,  
Reflexion is a Hell.

ODE



## ODE TO SWEETNESS,

Inscrib'd to CHLOE.

**O** *Outward Charms*, let others boast;  
 In rapture strive to tell;  
 'Tis *Virtue CHLOE's Bosom guards*,  
 And there the *Graces dwell*.

Her *mental Charms*, the trembling strings  
 Of my resounding lyre  
 Rejoice, while thus her Poet sings,  
 Devoid of *PINDAR's fire*.

In *CHLOE's Mind*, a thousand joys  
 Spontaneously appear:  
 No gloomy care her breast annoys,  
 With innocence clear.

There heav'nly *sweetness* builds her throne,  
 In majesty benign:  
 And makes superior bliss her own,  
 Allied to bliss divine.

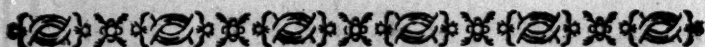
In soft assemblage see! around,  
 Expanding virtues glow:  
 Good Sense and Ease in her are found,  
 And both their beauties show.

No

No greater charm young SOL imparts,  
 When first he wakes to rise,  
 Than that which warms to love our hearts,  
 The lustre of her eyes.

Not fragrant flow'rs, in vivid spring,  
 Such graceful sweets disclose,  
 As those which I ambitious sing,  
 And CHLOE's *sweetness* shows.

Each Critic Belle must say "She's fair";  
 If she to Envy fall,  
 Yet Truth triumphant shall declare,  
 "The Maid is all in all."



EXTEMPORE, upon seeing a LITTLE GIRL  
 sleeping in the CRADLE.

HOW sweet's the sleep that Innocence enjoys,  
 The peaceful slumber that no Vice annoys?  
 How calm she sleeps! Her cheeks soft smilings wear;  
 She seems to know she's Heav'n's peculiar care;  
 Dear harmless babe! whose gentle looks impart  
 The balmy transports of a guile-less heart;  
 Thine is the joy to feel no tort'ring cares,  
 To wake or sleep without molesting fears!  
 Pleas'd let me gaze, admiring thy repose;

Thou

Who smil'it alike on friends and cruel foes.  
 Look down, ye Misers, Heroes, Patriots, Kings!  
 See downy sleep extend his cordial wings  
 Upon that infant brow.—Ye Guilty, see,  
 And wish yourselves as innocently free  
 From conscious smart, and self-condemning pain;  
 Alike o'er you such soft repose might reign;  
 But, lost to Virtue, Peace we ne'er regain.

\*\*\*\*\*

## A P O E M.

Written upon the Recovery from a DANGEROUS  
 ILLNESS.

### I.

**T**HE Muse, no more (Too long a libertine)  
 On silk-wing'd Pleasure's rosy lap reclin'd,  
 Consigns her festal lays to Folly's shrine,  
 (The just abhorrence of the virtuous mind).

### II.

Too long, ah! much too long, the Syren lay  
 Of buxom Health, of laughing Joy, and Love,  
 Has sooth'd the vigour of my mind away.  
 —Descend, **UBANIA**, from thy bowers above;



III.

At length, incite me with a rapt'rous zeal  
Great Nature's God with pious thought to sing.  
Celestial Maid, thy influence let me feel;  
Oh! come, Oh! come, my ready lyre to string;

IV.

And first, to you, proud offsprings of the Earth,  
Light sons of Vanity profusely vain :  
To you, sole patrons of immoral mirth,  
I (late afflicted) now direct my strain.

V.

Oh! what is man! the child of one poor hour,  
The wanton sport of ev'ry airy gale!  
Exact resemblance of a short-liv'd flower!  
(At morning blooms, and, ere the ev'ning, 's pale).

VI.

Which now expands its charms, as day-spring fair,  
And swells in virgin-modeesty array'd,  
Or falls a victim to morbid air,  
Or by the scythe a lifeless weed is made!

VII.

Secure in thoughtless ease, while man's in health,  
Wine, Music, Folly, may his hours employ;  
He smiles beneath his unsubstantial wealth  
And sinks a slave to each Circean Joy;  
Unnumber'd

## VIII.

Unnumber'd years to come elude his youth,  
And make his fancy, fraught with vision, glow;  
Contemning Reason, he foregoes all Truth,  
His God false Pleasure, whom he joys to know;

## IX.

Till, unexpected, from the clouds of Fate,  
Descending storms annihilate his trust;  
His shrinking Vanity's no more elate,  
But, with his base-less hopes, laid low in dust.

## X.

When, full of youth, I rose the other morn,  
And still pursu'd the way appearing best;  
Sickness and Virtue (*blushes, own my scorn!*)  
My mind nor clouded, or my soul oppress'd.

## XI.

In seeming health, I trod the lilied mead;  
The hours consign'd to Pleasure, Mirth, and Song,  
From ev'ry painful care my bosom freed,  
That might reflexion thro' my thought prolong.

## XII.

When least expected, on my ev'ry sense,  
A baleful heaviness lethargic hung;  
I fell, I sunk, beneath its pow'r intense,  
Which chain'd in silence my unable tongue.

## XIII.

My beamless eyes were lock'd in timeless night ;  
 Confusing horrors seiz'd my racking brain ;  
 Precipitate I fell from Pleasures height,  
 Nor wak'd again, till wak'd by pungent Pain.

## XIV.

Then, then, I cry'd, (while pangs transfix'd my heart)  
 " How have I drawn this dire chastisement down ?  
 " Why dost thou, LORD, Affliction's scourge impart,  
 " And on thy servant thus infix thy frown ?

## XV.

" My rashness spare ; thy awful rod I see,  
 " And in my heart its pow'r afflictive hail !  
 " I bow submissive to thy just decree,  
 " And do not at thy kind oppression rail.

## XVI.

" But, O most merciful, most pitying LORD !  
 " Thy bitter wrath with tenderness disclose ;  
 " So fix'd, with Virtue shall I well record ;—  
 " From sad Affliction true Repentance rose.

## XVII.

" Oh ! hear me, Thou, to whom I lift my soul ;  
 " On whom I call, on whom I fix my eyes,  
 " While sins in ghastly guise my mind controul,  
 " And youthful follies fatal-shap'd arise !

" Thy

## XVIII.

" Thy guardian arm, my gracious God, extend ;  
" Thy will upon thy servant's life be done :  
" Or if I live, or now my days must end,  
" Or let me live, or die in Thee alone !"

## XIX.

Thus flow'd the language of my soul, when lo !  
Rejoic'd, I felt the cordial dews of Sleep :  
(Which long I crav'd, but fought in vain to know)  
O'er me their balm in fost'ring slumbers keep.

## XX.

My languid fabric felt the sweet repose,  
And softly sunk in wish'd-for stupor down :  
At length, to light and life my senses rose,  
And bland recov'ry o'er my body shone.

## XXI.

Each intellectual spark reviv'd a-new ;  
The Soul, just now emerg'd in fell disease,  
On Contemplation's wing to Reason flew,  
Exploring sacred happiness and ease.

## XXII.

The Spring of Health return'd in swelling pride,  
And wak'd of Gratitude th'impassion'd glow ;  
" Virtue henceforth," I said, " shall be my guide ;  
" Pleasure, farewell ; let me Religion know.

" In



## XXIII.

“ In pious lays, my SAVIOUR let me sing,  
 “ And publish joy upon the wings of praise.  
 “ To Thee, COEVAL SON, JEHOVAH, KING  
 “ O’er Heav’n and Earth, my grateful voice I’ll raise.

## XXIV.

“ What sacred comfort pious thoughts afford !  
 “ How has my life escap’d the vale of Death !  
 “ The soul and body, thus to life restor’d,  
 “ Shall sing their MAKER with my latest breath.”



ODE XIX. of the First Book of HORACE,  
 Translated.

**L**OVE! ruling queen of soft delight !  
 And BACCHUS, God of wine !  
 My soul to wanton mirth invite,  
 And all my thoughts incline,

To STELLA’S charms that cause my pain,  
 Those charms more heav’nly bright  
 Than *Parian* marble, sure to gain  
 The prize of fair delight.

VENUS

VENUS desert the *Cyprian* grove,  
 And rushes thro' my veins :  
 My bosom swells with glowing love,  
 Which victor o'er me reigns.

No more, of *Scythians* fierce and bold,  
 Or *Parthians* may I write :

A Slave to VENUS freely fold,  
 To her I must indite.

To her I'll offer sacrifice,  
 Bring herbs, and incense strow :  
 Behold, the living altars rise !  
 Then, STELLA, kinder grow.



## ODE TO SPRING,

Inscribed to a FRIEND.

SEE, flowry-mantled blushing Spring  
 Bids me attune, each trembling string,  
 That sounds th' *Aonian* lyre ;  
 Inspiring scenes of pure delight,  
 To vernal joys my mind invite,  
 My Muse to verse inspire.

The landscapes wear a mantle gay :  
In honour of the vernal day,

Let's share the gen'ral smile,  
The minutes sweetly dance along,  
Encircled round with love and song,  
Wide o'er the recent soil,

See issued in the buxom year :  
In glowing pride, her honours rear  
To mount her vernal throne,  
The leaf-wove shades, and peaceful groves,  
The safe retreats of youthful loves,  
In calm retirement known !

The woodlands wear a joyous face :  
Embosom'd there, the feather'd race  
Commix harmonious sounds ;  
Their wild-wood notes invite my friend,  
In rural scenes his time to spend,  
Where softest bliss abounds.

Of SPRING, the Muse delighted sings,  
Sweet MAIA spreads her silver wings  
O'er garden, mead, and grove :  
As heretofore, let You and I  
Embrace the minutes as they fly,  
And thro' the Vallies rove.

With

With glafs and fong let's crown the hours,  
Soft shelter'd by the verdant bow'rs,  
    To hail the genial day.

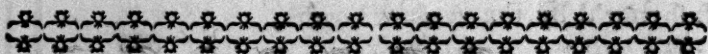
Together, we'll invoke the Nine :  
And tho', my friend, they're only thine,  
    I'll offer too my lay.

The blackbird, thrush, and nightingale,  
Which love the incense-breathing dale,  
    And haunt the varied shade,  
In concert with their kindred choir,  
With mufic far and near inspire  
    The grotto, grove, and glade.

Nature her verdant carpets fpread,  
On which delighted let us tread ;  
    What verdure cloaths the trees !  
While FLORA greets her fifter Spring,  
The mountains bleat, the vallies ring,  
    And animate the breeze.

Then come, my friend, approve my lay,  
And let our raptur'd fenses stray,  
    To elevate ourfelves.  
Spring fpreads her joy-abounding fcene,  
While full of recent blifs, convene  
    Sylphs, Sylphids, Gnomes, and Elves.





## EX TEMPORE ON SLEEP.

SLEEP, thou blest Pow'r! what balm canst thou  
dispense,

To raise our strength, reviving ev'ry sense!

*Great nurse of Nature*, thy pacific sway,

Both prince and peasant readily obey.

Refresh'd by *thee*, our pleasures we renew,

Our pastimes follow, or our toils pursue.

Without *thy aid*, no comfort dwells in wealth;

*Thou* giv'st the buxom face to blooming health,

And quitt'st the purple couch with high disdain,

To greet the shepherds of *Arcadia's* plain.



## AN EPIGRAM.

WOULDST thou, friend THERON, Sixty-three!  
A nuptial life begin?

Reflect, for shame, see, CLOTHO, see,

Your latest thread must spin:

Besides, shouldst thou CORILLA wed,

In life so nearly spent,

*Actæon's* gifts thy brows may spread—

Avoid the sad event!



ODE TO WINTER,  
Inscrib'd to a FRIEND.

ALAS! my friend, the Spring is flown,  
And silver-mantled Summer gone;  
No longer Autumn charms:  
Each pleasure-yielding sylvan scene  
(The flow'ry mead, the brighter green)  
Is sunk in Winter's arms.

Your *Attic* Muse delights no more,  
Or wakes the hours, as heretofore,  
To frolic, mirth, and joy:  
For cheerless Winter gloomy reigns,  
And sprightly lays, like yours, disdains;  
Him graver notes employ.

No longer FLORA decks the mead,  
Where flocks disporting us'd to feed  
With innocence and glee:  
The birds behold th'inclement sky,  
And shiv'ring fear to sing, or fly,  
Beyond the leafless tree.

The farmer sighs, but sighs in vain :

Alternate hail, or snow, or rain,

O'er all his fields extends :

His herds and flocks an equal share

Of varied melancholy bear,

Which horrid Winter sends.

Loud BOREAS blows with savage rage,

And winds contending fierce engage,

And rival fury try :

Ah! dire event, old Ocean roars,

The ships are wreck'd, the domes and towers

On earth in ruins lie.

Such dreadful scenes undaunt the breast

By Innocence and Truth possess'd,

And by fair PALLAS own'd ;

By Virtue's charms that is inspir'd,

And by APOLLO's graces fir'd,

And with his favours crown'd.

Tis thine, my friend, such joys to find,

As beautify the human mind,

And countless blessings bring :

Tho' woods and plains are clad in snow,

And bleak November raging blow,

With thee is endless Spring!



## THE DESPONDING FAIR.

**A**S late I wander'd by a riv'lets side,  
 To breathe the air of balmy even-tide,  
 At distance issued, from a lonely grove,  
 The plaintive voice of disappointed love :  
 " Ah ! perjur'd man ! ill fated luckless maid !  
 " Does Innocence deserve to be betray'd ?  
 " Can so much truth, as dwells within this breast,  
 " By faithless man deserve to be oppress'd ?  
 " Good Heav'n ! if slighted Love be worth your care,  
 " Let lost DORINDA your compassion share ;  
 " How oft did THYRSIS languish at my feet,  
 " Repeat his love and all the Pow'rs intreat,  
 " To testify his flame how pure to me,  
 " And hear his vows of *infidelity* !  
 " Did bliss extatic all my soul possess ?  
 " 'Twas more than bliss or pleasure in excess ;  
 " Each minute melted into soft delight,  
 " Short seem'd the Summer's day, or Winter's night !  
 " Why came those rosy hours if not to stay ?  
 " Why came they poor DORINDA to betray ?  
 " His tongue, methought, disdain'd a specious lie !  
 " Deceiv'd I thought ?—In sorrow let me die !  
 " I fall a victim to a base ingrate ;  
 " Hear my misfortune, learn to shun my fate,



“ Ye tender maids, who for my mis’ry sigh,  
 “ And o’er my mem’ry cast a pitying eye !”  
 In sad distress, I heard the maid complain,  
 And tell the baseness of a *perjur’d swain*,  
 When, big with woe, her sigh-emburden’d breath  
 (At once) she yielded to untimely death !



## H Y M N T O M A Y,

Inscribed to SYLVESTRÆ.

### I.

**L**ET CLIO tune the sweetest string  
 Of her *Aonian* lyre :  
 Thrice, ever-gentle MAY ! to sing  
 With true poetic fire.

### II.

Fair daughter of the vernal year !  
 ’Tis thou enchant’st my strain ;  
 For thee, an altar let me rear  
 In numbers unprofane !

### III.

When hoary Winter o’er the earth  
 Usurps his rude domain,  
 And winds and rains give horrors birth  
 Thro’ forest, mead, and plain ;

Then

## IV.

Then tell me, whither dost thou hide  
Thy beauty-beaming eye?  
Dost thou with PHOEBUS then reside,  
Or to the Muses fly?

## V.

Where numbers float the groves along,  
In verdure ever green,  
And all is Pleasure's peerless song,  
One soft enchanting scene.

## VI.

See, APRIL hides her checquer'd face,  
And issues in the MAY,  
Attended by each wanton Grace,  
And crown'd with garlands gay.

## VII.

She comes, array'd in bounteous might;  
The purple-footed hours  
She leads along, with warm delight,  
And blushes o'er the flow'rs,

## VIII.

All Nature's teeming womb unbinds,  
And brings the musky breeze,  
Which sweetly scents the vernal winds,  
And gently fans the trees.

## IX.

Spring smiles beneath her joyous eye,  
 In vesture green and new :  
 Around her youthful Graces fly,  
 And sip nectareous dew.

## X.

The hawthorns bloom, the flow'ry plains  
 Exult in rich array :  
 Inviting jocund nymphs and swains,  
 To greet the lib'ral May.

## XI.

The breezes wanton in her hair,  
 With living honours crown'd,  
 And to her mantle gay repair,  
 To wing their fragrance round.

## XII.

Commingle beauties, in her face,  
 Of blended flow'rets glow :  
 And stream, with many a purple grace,  
 In one transporting flow.

## XIII.

On Zephyrs softly-fanning wing,  
 The Goddess greets the view :  
 Distilling sweets upon the Spring,  
 In silver-footed dew.

The

XIV.

The waste of Winter to repair,  
 She gives prolific gales:  
 And lightly cleaves the buxom air,  
 With soft ætherial fails.

XV.

At her approach, the conscious bow'rs  
 Expand in verdure gay:  
 And FLORA, from her bosom, pours  
 Sweet tribute to the MAY.

XVI.

The flaring tulip opes her breast:  
 Sweet hyacinths around  
 Are by the solar beams carels'd,  
 And scent the velvet ground.

XVII.

Each gentle breast thou mov'st to love,  
 Thou flow'ry-finger'd MAY!  
 The linnet, finch, and turtle-dove,  
 Enjoy thy am'rous ray.

XVIII.

Sweetest of months, exceeding fair,  
 With thee the beauties dwell:  
 Earth's smiles, at thy approach, declare  
 How much thy charms excel!



## XIX.

Peerless thou reign'st!—LAURELLA too,  
 Like thee, emblooms the meads;  
 In her each excellence we view,  
 Which other nymphs exceeds.

## XX.

The new-born roses, on her cheek,  
 Sit smiling sweetly red:  
 Her looks *Elysian* softness speak,  
 And sweetness round her spread.

## XXI.

Fair as the dawn of infant day,  
 She's mistress of each Grace:  
 Her lips distil the sweets of MAY,  
 While beauty paints her face.

## XXII.

She boasts the bloom of innocence;  
 The magic of her eyes  
 Innum'rous stores of joy dispense,  
 And strike with soft surprize.

## XXIII.

With DAMON she frequents the grove:  
 Thrice happy lucky swain!  
 Replete with purest mutual love,  
 They traverse o'er the plain.

Her

XXIV.

Her lambkins, if they chance to stray,  
To find them is his care :  
For him, she wreathes the flow'ry May  
In garlands for to wear.

XXV.

Together thus, th'ambrosial hours  
In mutual joy they spend :  
Together greet the sylvan pow'rs,  
And each is t'other's friend.

XXVI.

Beside yon rill, that gurgles down  
With sweetly-murm'ring sound,  
(Whose banks sweet-smelling flow'rets crown)  
Together are they found !

XXVII.

His passion she with rapture hears,  
Her brilliant charms proclaim :  
And, free from all suspicious fears,  
Imparts an equal flame.

XXVIII.

Thus they, in dear excess of bliss,  
(The silence of the shade)  
Transported share the mutual kiss,  
In modesty array'd.

## XXIX.

Whene'er he tells his artless tale,  
 LAURELLA will attend,  
 And whisper to the passing gale,  
 "I must be DAMON's friend"!

## XXX.

Delighted with the theme, my Muse  
 Would gladly farther stray :  
 But now her previous task renews,  
 And sings the charms of MAY.

## XXXI.

Inspir'd by whom, the flocks and droves  
 To hills and dales retreat :  
 Repeat their games, renew their loves,  
 And glow with gen'rous heat.

## XXXII.

The hawthorn vale, the tufted hill,  
 The blackbird, and the thrush,  
 Alternate wing, and tuneful fill  
 With music ev'ry bush.

## XXXIII.

The morning lark, in season fair,  
 Salutes the youthful day :  
 Her joy the echoes round declare,  
 In praises of the MAY.

Hark !

## XXXIV.

Hark! how the ev'ning nightingale  
 Her plaints thick-trilling tells:  
 And on her woes, amidst the dale,  
 In mournful music dwells!

## XXXV.

'Tis MAY that crowns the gorgeous spring,  
 Improves the ling'ring fight:  
 While Nature laughs, while Nature sings,  
 Impregnate with delight.

## XXXVI.

With dapper MAB, of Elves the queen,  
 The *Fairies* gay advance:  
 And lightly circle round the green,  
 In gentle-tripping dance.

## XXXVII.

Alternate gambols they renew,  
 On valley, and on hill:  
 In harmless mirth their games pursue,  
 By fountain, stream, and hill.

## XXXVIII.

Ye that frequent the landscapes fair,  
 Hills, forests, vales, and lawns!  
 Ye warblers of the light-wing'd air,  
 Ye lambkins, kids, and fauns!

Ye



## XXXIX.

Ye Naiads, Dryads, Satyrs, all,  
 In fond assemblage gay !  
 'Tis PAN that pipes ; attend his call,  
 With chaplets crown the MAY.

## XL.

To this sweet month your tribute bring,  
 Love consecrates the hours :  
 And TRITONS from the ocean spring,  
 To share the MAY-ful pow'rs.

## XLI.

The Loves and Graces kind resort  
 To yon inviting vale :  
 Where VENUS bright upholds her court,  
 And all in mirth regale.

## XLII.

Then come, SYLVESTRA ; come, my maid,  
 While Nature's in her prime,  
 (In all her gayest robes array'd)  
 Let's share the chearful time.

## XLIII.

Blithe birds the song of Nature sing,  
 Enchanting ev'ry spray :  
 Oh ! come, thou picture of the Spring,  
 We'll be as blithe as they !

Oh !

## XLIV.

Oh! why, from *Medway's* banks so long,  
Dost thou, SYLVESTRA, stay?  
Oh! come, obedient to my song,  
And with your shepherd stray!

## XLV.

Th'accustom'd grove, the wonted plain,  
Where DAMON fondly roves:  
While sweet LAURELLA warms his strain,  
Devoted to their loves;

## XLVI.

There, dearest maid, amidst the flowers,  
We will our lambkins tend:  
And all the vernal smiling hours,  
In purest raptures, spend.

## XLVII.

Then come, and love thy Spring away,  
And beauty's charms improve:  
Ere Winter ravages thy MAY,  
And bids adieu to love.



AN EPIGRAM.

**F**RRIEND COLIN died the other day,  
And left a youthful wife,  
Who sadly sung the mournful lay,  
“She’d lead a widow’d life.”

Ere one month fled, a shepherd came,  
And offer’d her his hand:  
“She fear’d,” she said, “the mouth of Fame,  
“But could not love withstand.”



A RHAPSODY ON NIGHT.

*Nox atra circumvolat umbrâ.* VIRG.

**T**ERRIFIC Night displays her gloom around,  
And spreads her shady pinions o’er the ground,  
While slumb’ring chiefs of bloody battles dream,  
And courtship is the sleeping shepherd’s theme.  
—See, CYNTHIA pale o’er hills and vales extends,  
And dreaded screech-owls fright the silent plains!  
While twinkling stars bestud the glowing sky,  
Lull’d into peace responsive echoes die!

The

The savage beasts, that haunt the horrid woods,  
 The feather'd choir, and tenants of the floods,  
 Nocturnal gloom in dark extension share !

While balmy sleep excludes their ev'ry care.

The peaceful flocks on verdant pastures lay,  
 And herds forget the labours of the day.

The tuneful birds their chearful strains forget ;

And closing flow'rs with dew nocturnal sweat ;

The winds are hush'd in subterraneous beds,

And heavy darkness wraps the mountains heads ;

Thick azure mists arise from smoking floods,

And awful horror holds the silent woods.

—Let Contemplation bid my mind arise,

To scan the pleasures of the spangled skies !

What worlds unnumber'd strike th'admiring sight,

And chear dark Nature with their twinkling light !

Arise, my soul ; my Muse, commence the song,

And sing the Pow'r to whom these scenes belong :

Him, who, from Nothing, call'd Earth's comely  
 frame,

And gave the splendid orbs to light the same ;

Who added yon mysterious starry roll,

And can refine, or change, or spoil the whole ;

Who in Night's *darkness* sees his pow'r display,

But soon shall change it into lucid day !



SONG.





## S O N G.

## I.

**A**S yesterday morn,  
 I sat under a thorn,  
 Young DOLLY to milking went by :  
 "Thou Charmer!" I cried ;  
 She laughing replied,  
 "You men are much given to lie!"

## II.

Says I, "DOLLY, stay ;  
 "I'm going your way,  
 "My fortune in Love for to try :"  
 She play'd with her pail,  
 Said, "Women were frail,  
 "But never addicted to lie."

## III.

I then rais'd a theme  
 Of an amorous dream,  
 Which I knew was not true (by the bye) ;  
 I told her, "her mien  
 "In sleep I had seen,  
 "And she knew I ne'er utter'd a lie."

"Fie!

IV.

"Fie! DAMON," says she,  
 "'Twas SUKEY you see,  
 "For whom you are ready to die!"  
 "Dont' wrong me, my Maid,"  
 I instantly said,  
 "Nor suspect that your shepherd would lie."

V.

"By Heaven, I swear,  
 "That you are the fair,  
 "For whom I would willingly die!"  
 Anonymous Blifs  
 I seal'd with a Kifs,  
 And convinc'd her, *I meant not to lie.*



A PROLOGUE TO CATO:

Spoken by the AUTHOR at the Performance of  
 that celebrated Tragedy, in the year 1757.

**H**EROIC acts the well-turn'd minds inspire,  
 And warm the bosom with a sacred fire :  
 Excite mankind to nobleness of soul,  
 Refine our passions and our thoughts controul.  
 In CATO, we immortal beauties find,  
 The great, the godlike, and the virtuous mind,

The

The endless joys, which still from Freedom flow,  
 To heighten blessings, and diminish woe.  
 Warm'd with the thought, a set of youths convene,  
 Unus'd to buskins in the tragic scene,  
 To celebrate great CATO's deathless name,  
 To tell his virtues, and repeat his fame.

—To you, the Audience, we our essays trust :  
 Nor can we think your voice will be unjust ;  
 To beg your candour, is my previous task,  
 And, that once granted, is the whole I ask.



☞ An EPITAPH on TWO BROTHERS, both  
 taken off in EARLY LIFE.

**R**EADER, indulge the sympathetic glow  
 Of tender Sorrow !—Let the starting tear  
 Burst from Compassion's eye ! Pity Distress  
 Parental, conjugal !—And, if the bloom  
 Of Health invigorates your frame, learn hence,  
 Nor Youth, nor Virtue, nor unsullied Faith,  
 Guard their possessors from the yawning Tomb !

THE LAUREL-WREATH.

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The Fifteenth Psalm, paraphrased.

WHO shall on *Sion's* Hill with Thee be blest,  
 Or in thy mansions find eternal rest?  
 The man, whose life's upright, whose heart's sincere,  
 Who fears his God, and keeps his conscience clear;  
 Whose thoughts life's fatal blandishments refuse,  
 Whose *tongue refrains his neighbours to abuse*;  
 Who of himself is never proudly vain,  
 That counts his virtuous friends as virtuous gain;  
 Who justly deals, and keeps the word he gives,  
 And, tho' he loses, ne'er his friend deceives;  
 Who, for vile gain, the needy never lent,  
 Or took reward against the innocent.  
 The happy man, whose mind such good employs,  
 Shall with his SAVIOUR taste celestial joys.



The Hundredth Psalm, paraphrased.

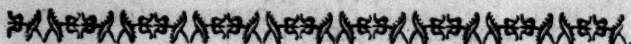
UNTO the LORD, ye lands, elate your voice!  
 Ye earth-born sons, where-e'er dispers'd, rejoice!  
 Let all that breathe, most joyfully prolong  
 Their mingled gratitude in sacred song;  
 Let us be joyful, and with one accord,  
 Sing Hallelujahs to our heav'nly LORD:

Who



142 THE LAUREL-WREATH.

Who wrought our bodies, and inlaid the soul,  
Without our aid, our reason to controul:  
With eye paternal, he the earth beholds,  
As careful shepherds eye their bleating folds :  
Let all the earth pour forth her grateful lays,  
And tho' his courts her high CREATOR praise,  
Whose mercies shall from age to age endure ;  
His joys immortal, and his promise sure !



ON MONOPOLY:

An ODE.

**M**ONOPOLY ! thou monster great,  
Black pest of *Albion's* isle !  
On thee a thousand ills await,  
To form thy ghastly smile.

Some monster vile, or dæmon fell,  
First brought thee into birth :  
And, finding thee too black for Hell,  
Transmitted thee to Earth !

By Factors thou art here caress'd,  
Devoid of feeling pain,  
Unmindful of the poor distress'd,  
Their av'rice to sustain.

Still,

Still, still, MONOPOLY shall sway  
 Uncharitable hearts,  
 Untill the grand decisive day  
 The fate of souls imparts.

Great will be then their punishment,  
 To endless woe consign'd !  
 Eternal pains shall them torment,  
 As now the poor they grind.

In time, ye vultures of mankind,  
 Attend *this* moral lay :  
 "If you yourselves would mercy find,  
 "Your minds let mercy sway."

An *artificial* dearth you've made,  
 Ye Sons of BELIAL's Race !  
 Forfake, your avaricious trade,  
 Replete with dire disgrace.



E P I G R A M.

COXCOMB and MERIT, on a time,  
 Stood candidates for DEAN :  
 Coxcomb elected was, 'tis said ;  
 But MERIT past unseen.

A PAS.

## A P A S T O R A L.

## C O R Y D O N.

**I** Pray now, CHLORIS, tell me why  
 Beneath this shade you sit and sigh ?  
 Whence may this melancholy rise,  
 While chearfulness from CHLORIS flies ?  
 What troubles thus my maid affright,  
 And rob her breast of soft delight ?  
 Dear lovely charmer, tell me why,  
 Beneath this shade you sit and sigh ?

## C H L O R I S.

Dear youth, 'tis you can ease my pains,  
 'Tis you, the glory of our plains.  
 The grots, the lawns, and meads I love,  
 The verdant plains, and shady grove :  
 But, if I'm absent from thy sight,  
 No longer groves or plains delight ;  
 Then every scene, which charm'd before,  
 Can pleasure and delight no more.  
 Excuse me, shepherd, *truth* I say,  
 'Tis you my tender passions sway ;  
 'Twas CORYDON that made me sigh,  
 And fill'd with tears my down-cast eye.

C O R Y-

## C O R Y D O N.

Your shepherd's happy thus to find,  
That CHLORIS thinks of him so kind.  
Blest in thy love, thou sweetest maid,  
Of what is CORYDON afraid?  
Supreme joy can Heaven lend,  
More satisfaction to him send?  
Then let our flocks together feed,  
And crop promiscuously the mead:  
Let grief no more engage your breast,  
By sorrow be no more oppress'd;  
In me a constant friend you'll find,  
Then raise your care-dejected mind.

## C H L O R I S.

My heart is light and once more gay,  
Exempt from Melancholy's sway;  
No cruel doubts disturb my mind,  
At ease, since CORYDON is kind.

## C O R Y D O N.

To HYMEN let us tribute give,  
And in connubial transport live:  
Together share the rural joy,  
Which no disquiet shall annoy;  
No carping care shall ever dwell  
Within our unambitious cell;  
In me, my fair shall long be blest'd,  
Her heart possessing, mine possess'd.



XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

A PASTORAL CANTATA.

ON the verge of a stream, in a jessamine shade,  
For the plaints of young lovers conveniently  
made:

Fair DAPHNE, desponding, did pensively prove  
Each anxious sensation of dubious love:  
From the folds of the mountain, a lamb gone astray,  
Young STREPHON explor'd as he pass'd by that way;  
But so soon as he saw the disconsolate maid,  
He forgot his lost lambkin, and mournfully said:

S O N G.

Why, dearest DAPHNE, sit you here  
A statue of desponding fear?  
Why seek you thus to be alone,  
And to the Zephyrs make your moan?  
Why, like the bird that's lost its mate,  
Can you approve this mournful state?

R E C I T A T I V E.

Here STREPHON stopp'd, and DAPHNE (in surprize)  
The shepherd answer'd with impending eyes:

S O N G.

## S O N G.

Before your presence grac'd the lee,  
 My time most peaceful prov'd:  
 Alike the swains all seem'd to me,  
 I one nor t'other lov'd.  
 Let not the shepherd deem me bold  
 My passion to impart:  
 Impute it to my freedom sold,  
 The fetters of my heart.

## A I R.

Dispel your gloom, the shepherd says,  
 My soul expands with glee,  
 Forgetful of the lamb that strays,  
 I listen pleas'd to thee!  
 Upon the brow of yonder hill,  
 See HYMEN'S temple stands:  
 Its beauties all my wishes fill,  
 There let us join our hands!

## R E C I T A T I V E.

Rejoic'd, to you my hand and heart I give:  
 Long may we blest'd in nuptial comfort live!  
 Long taste those joys, that faithful consorts know,  
 And which from constant love alone can flow;  
 One chearful round of satisfaction share,  
 And ev'ry minute in endearment wear!

## AN EPIGRAM.

**T**HAT CHLOE's lovely, fair, and young,  
 No mortal can contest :  
 Enchantment waits upon her tongue,  
 The lily paints her breast :  
 To Love she actuates ev'ry heart,  
 By all it is confess'd :  
 Unwillingly let Truth impart,  
 " She is by all *possess'd*."



## COLIN AND FLORELLA.

## A PASTORAL.

## C O L I N.

**W**HILE we, dear maid, retire to cooling shades,  
 And Nature paints the lovely fields and glades,  
 While blooming landscapes hold the ling'ring eye,  
 With od'rous FLORA's variegated dye :  
 Permit me, Nymph, to say this grove ne'er knew,  
 A fairer or a lovelier guest than you !

## F L O R E L L A.

Excuse me, shepherd, you my smile provoke ;  
 I love to hear my COLIN talk and joke ;

To

To me your kindness and your favour's great,  
 I thank you, shepherd, for this sweet retreat;  
 But must be bold your flattering speech to chide,  
 Lest by such speeches you should raise my pride.

## COLIN.

Thou sweetest fair, that trips our verdant lee,  
 The art of flatt'ry is remote from me;  
 'Tis Truth—To you superior charms belong,  
 You are the burden of each past'ral song.  
 Behold around, how sweet the fields appear,  
 What vernal beauties greet the rising year!  
 But yon fair flow'rs, that look so purple gay,  
 Will wither soon; too soon, dear maid, decay!  
 Their charming blossoms will be wholly lost  
 In envious Winter, or in hoary Frost.  
 With hasty step unseen elapses Time;  
 To CUPID offer, whilst you're in your prime!  
 Yon sportive lambs, and eke yon milk-white kine,  
 Be COLIN yours: and they shall all be thine.  
 Besides, a heart that falsehood never knew,  
 With truest love, I now present to you.

## FLORELLA.

Excuse the blushes of a fearful maid,  
 By CUPID's pow'r to COLIN's love betray'd!  
 Swain of my heart, oh! let me ever find,  
 To me you're faithful, as to you I'm kind!



## C O L I N.

My soul's enraptur'd !—Like the turtle-dove,  
 I'll be as constant and as faithful prove,  
 Blest in FLORELLA, with no other fair,  
 On her soft bosom sink from worldly care !



The PREVAILING TOAST IN A BUMPER :  
 A CANTATA.

*Omnes deleo debinc ex animo Mulieres.*

TER.

**S**INCE DAPHNE's unkind and ill-naturedly coy,  
 No more a vain passion my mind shall employ :  
 My love shall this instant all wither away,  
 And my immature flame find a total decay :  
 No more let my bosom complain of its smart,  
 For sparkling Champain shall enliven my heart.

## S O N G.

How weak was I to call her fair,  
 And praise her shape and mien,  
 When CHLOE's charms at once declare,  
 A fairer may be seen ?  
 But I'll for neither sigh or pine :  
 Let all my joy reside in wine !

RECITA.

## R E C I T A T I V E.

Ye beaus, who with tinsel subdue the coy lass,  
 In time leave your fooling, and fly to your glass !  
 No more in grimace your dear languishments spend,  
 But enjoy the delight of a bottle and friend !

## A I R.

How brisk, my dear partners, appears the full bowl,  
 Come chearfully give us a toast !  
 Like me, let not CUPID your passions controul,  
 Be Wine and not Woman your boast !  
 Then push round-the bowl,  
 And chear up the soul  
 With bumpers!—Here's Claret and Sherry :  
 Devoid of dull Care,  
 Bid adieu to the Fair,  
 And learn to be wise and be merry.



## A PETITIONARY ODE to VENUS.

**B**RIGHT Goddess of the *Paphian* grove,  
 From NEPTUNE's empire sprung !  
 Propitious queen of gen'rous love,  
 By nymphs and shepherds sung.

Fresh flow'rs and myrtle wreaths I bring,  
And dedicate to thee;  
Gay chaplets of the lively Spring,  
Fair *Cyprian* Deity!

Attend, and hear your vot'ry's lays:  
Oh! make FLAVELLA kind!  
For her, bestow on me the bays  
For am'rous Song design'd.

My mind no other object knows;  
But, full of her alone,  
A stranger is to all repose,  
Unless the Nymph's my own.

Oh! let her bless me, and be bless'd,  
With mutual inclination!  
With love inspire her marble breast,  
Averse to tender passion!

But, if without her I must live,  
And pity you deny:  
To me this boon, dear Goddess, give,  
"Instruct me how to die."



## ODE TO PHYLLIS.

**I**N youthful years, of beauties new,  
Love's tender joys approve:

Hear, PHYLLIS, hear, a theme most true,  
Thou only Queen of Love!

To grateful shades, that boast their green,  
My charmer, let's repair!  
With transport share the lovely scene,  
And taste the vernal air!

Behold, for you, the woodbines creep,  
And Naiads warble round!  
For you, dear fair, the waters weep,  
And FLORA paints the ground!

The meadows laugh, the vallies sing,  
And Zephyrs soft regale!  
Responding hills thy praises ring,  
And musick fills the vale!

For thee, in fond assemblage round,  
The birds their voices raise:  
For thee, the trees with leaves are crown'd,  
And Spring her blush displays!



Hark, how the lark, with morning songs,  
 Salutes the blooming MAY:  
 And PHILOMELA her's prolongs,  
 Upon the ev'ning spray!

But still, to me, these graceful scenes  
 A gloomy aspect wear:  
 When hid from your delightful mien,  
 'Tis Winter all the Year!

Oh! come, with all your store of charms,  
 And silver o'er my hours!  
 Make thy retreat my longing arms,  
 Amidst the sylvan pow'rs!



#### A REFLECTION ON a WINTER'S DAY.

**W**HAT gloom, my soul, so pregnant with  
 despair,  
 O'erwhelms thee drooping with oppressive care?  
 Art thou within depress'd by conscious guile?  
 Or does all Nature with thee cease to smile?  
 'Tis so; for see, th'auspicious God of Day,  
 Joyless and sad, emits a glimm'ring ray,  
 And faintly sends, from the remotest sky,  
 The languid lustre of his clouded eye:

With

With cheering influence now forgets to rise,  
And dart enliv'ning mildness thro' the skies;  
His daily course with shadowy pomp pursues,  
While Earth his splendour-low'ring clouds refuse;  
No more the clouds disperse, or gentle show'rs,  
With kindly influence, raise the drooping-flow'rs.  
But see, the clouds in swift confusion roll,  
Replete with terrors from the Northern pole!  
Now Contemplation bids my mind reflect,  
On groves deplum'd and trees no longer deckt.  
No rural music the sad vallies fills;  
No am'rous strains are ecchoed by the hills;  
The unimprison'd winds their force unite,  
And form a dreadful waste in rueful sight:  
While low-bent clouds, replete with heavy rain,  
In sudden burstings, deluge all the plain;  
The cheerless flocks, with sudden haste, invoke  
The late-lent aid of the now leaf-stript oak;  
Behold the mournful lawn and naked grove,  
So late the sweet retreat of mutual love,  
Divested of their flow'r-enwoven state,  
Seem to upbraid departed Summer's fate!  
On the thick sprays, where oft was wont to sing  
The native warblers of the chearful Spring:  
Now see, the birds transfixt with cold-pierc'd wing!  
The meads, depriv'd of FLORA's blooming store,  
With balmy sweets, perfume the air no more.  
Ye Graces, now no Zephyrs kind appear,  
To wave the tresses of your shining hair!

Reluctant they those happy seats forsake,  
 And, join'd to winds, the lofty forests shake;  
 The noxious vapours, clouds, and storms appear,  
 And rule alternate o'er the winter'd year.  
 What sick'ning thoughts such scenes as these impart,  
 In dreary horrors, to the sinking heart!  
 But, while my soul has pow'r to mount on high,  
 And Providence benevolent descry,  
 To Nature's God let me incessant sing,  
 Who shall this gloom transform to chearful Spring!

\*\*\*\*\*

EXTEMPORE, on seeing a SCULL.

SURE instance, *this*, of Life's contracted span,  
 Which bounds the days of immaterial man:  
 Whose heart exults with visionary joy,  
 Whose *hours* vain trifles and false bliss employ!  
 Ideal pleasures lift him to the skies,  
 Terrestrial honours glitter in his eyes,  
 Till Death attacks him with unseen surprize;  
 In one poor moment all his beauties flee:  
 How short's the reign of human vanity!  
 Ye great, ye sordid, foolish, and ye vain,  
 Behold this object, and your vice restrain!  
 Tho' now it looks defil'd with earthy hue,  
 Despise it not—but your own picture view!

## SONG.

For Love should bear the sovereign sway,  
Its fire possess each breast:  
While we in woodbine bowers would play,  
And live completely blest.  
In pleasure thus, the roving bee,  
That every flower sips,  
Should wanton round, and envy me  
The sweets of DAPHNE's lips.

**We'd**



We'd taste the dewy sweets of morn,  
 Joy should each bosom fire :  
 And Mirth my DAPHNE's Face adorn,  
 And Love her Mind inspire.  
 While Nature thus is pleas'd to see  
 The Graces all unite :  
 The birds should chirp on ev'ry tree,  
 My DAPHNE to delight !



On the OMNIPOTENCE, WISDOM, and GOOD-  
 NESS, of the ALMIGHTY.

**G**OD thro' Creation's wide expanse I see :  
 The Heavens and Earth, blest Pow'r, are full  
 of Thee !

Thy works with joy my ev'ry sense inspire,  
 And swell my soul with sparks of sacred fire ;  
 Shall I attempt with philosophic eye,  
 Each order and each harmony descry ?  
 New admiration all my mind employs,  
 Extensive Bliss the thinking soul enjoys ;  
 The Hand mysterious from our sight conceal'd,  
 Enough for man to know is sure reveal'd ;  
 Enough he sees Thy Wisdom to display,  
 In sun, in moon, or cometary ray ;  
 Within her bowels, earth Thy stores contains,  
 Producing Riches from her rocky veins ;

Thine

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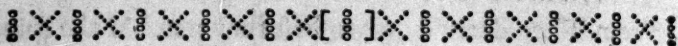
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



TO THE HONORABLE SENATE

Upon

Upon his Maker let him still rely,  
And fix his trust beyond the earth-seen sky.



ODE inscrib'd to the Honourable WILLIAM PITT,  
Esq; in 1758.

*Latius regnes avidum domando  
Spiritus quam si Libyam remotis  
Gadibus jungas & uterque Pænus  
Servat uni.*

HOR.

I.

THE deathless wreath to heroes due,  
Alike, great Sir, 's deserv'd by you,  
For whom it shall be wove ;  
Thou hast Corruption's sway suppress'd,  
And fill'd with care your patriot breast,  
To prove your country's love.

II.

True conscious Honour warms thy soul,  
Thee Truth and Justice join'd controul,  
Amidst an age of crimes:  
Virtue's abode in thee is seen,  
Virtue that flies the proud and mean,  
And scorns the present times.

Honours

III.

Honours and titles have no charms,  
 'Tis Patriotism only warms  
     The honest and the brave;  
 The fogs of sense and passions rise,  
 And blind by turns the fool and wise,  
     The scepter'd and the slave.

IV.

But none of these thy peace impair,  
 The future is thy only care,  
     The present thy disdain.  
 Yet public welfare calls, thy ear  
 Is open to thy country's fear,  
     Thy hand dispels her pain.

V.

Let Fame thy patriot acts commend,  
 To every worthy deed a friend,  
     And dire Corruption's foe:  
 Of brass a statue let us raise,  
 With gratitude his merit praise,  
     With ardour shall it glow.



## VI.

Exiling foul venality,  
 A state from threat'ning dangers free,  
     That long with Vice has groan'd;  
 Checking the current of deceit,  
 Too prone to seek a safe retreat  
     With ministers enthron'd.



## T O H E A L T H.

**R**ICH buxom blifs, that Wealth exceeds.  
     Whose blessing none excels:  
 Oh! say, where thou has fixt thy feat,  
     Where unmolested dwells?

Do palaces, or gilded roofs,  
     Thy balmy joys secure?  
 Do crowns of gold, or purple state,  
     Enjoy thee blithe and pure?

What say'st thou, foul intemperance  
     With glutton grandeur lives,  
 And dire PANDORA's anguish'd train  
     Of foul distempers gives?

Which

Which to the cot, and humble cell,  
 Is rare if ever known:  
 'Tis there, you chuse in peace to dwell,  
 And fix your blooming throne.



## S O N G.

**B**ENEATH a chesnut shade,  
 On Nature's carpet laid,  
 ALEXIS, gentle swain,  
 Pour'd forth his rural strain,  
 In honour of the MAY.

He sung the landskips fair,  
 The vernal blooms and air,  
 And then he softly strove,  
 To praise the shady grove,  
 In honour of the MAY.

The green-apparel'd trees,  
 And animating breeze,  
 The gently-bubbling spring,  
 Induc'd his Muse to sing  
 The honours of the MAY.

While

While thus, the welcome year  
The shepherd's numbers rear,  
And ev'ry vernal joy  
His sonnet soft employ,  
In honour of the MAY;

Young STELLA, straying, made  
Unto the chesnut shade,  
The shepherd's strain to hear,  
Full of the vernal year,  
In honour of the MAY;

Unknown, he spy'd the fair,  
And straitly sung her air,  
Her lustre-sparkling eye;  
With her he'd live and die,  
Forgetful of the MAY.

Cry'd STELLA to the swain,  
"I pray pursue your strain,  
"The praises of the Spring  
"I love to hear you sing,  
"In honour of the MAY."

The shepherd feign'd surprise,  
And, captive to her eyes,  
Encircled in his arms  
The Goddess of all charms,  
Superior to the MAY.

SONG.

## SONG.

## I.

'T WAS at the odour-breathing hour  
Of fragrant even-tide,  
When COLIN taught the grove to sigh,  
A tinkling rill beside:  
When DAPHNE, sweetest of the plains,  
By Nature form'd for love,  
With devious step the verdure trod,  
And fought the woodbine grove.

## II.

COLIN beheld the wand'ring maid  
At distance, with surprize;  
But, as she nearer drew, he fell  
A captive to her eyes.  
He saw a blush bespread her cheek,  
With softly-red'ning glow;  
The swain commenc'd his am'rous tale,  
And thus express'd his woe:



## III.

Let smiles adorn my DAPHNE's face ;  
See yonder setting ray !  
Approve my theme, 'tis you alone  
Can make the ev'ning gay ;  
Thy lips abound with nectar's balm,  
With life-infusing dews ;  
No sweets, to match thy od'rous breath,  
Thy father's fields diffuse.

## IV.

The birds that warble thro' the grove,  
Delight the rural swain :  
And vernal show'rs of gentle rain,  
Refresh the thirsty plain ;  
The balmy blossoms of the flowers  
Are grateful to the bee :  
But nothing is so greatly sweet,  
As DAPHNE is to me.

## V.

Her approbation crown'd his lay,  
With love-awak'ning eyes :  
She charm'd the fond enamour'd swain :  
How great was COLIN's prize !  
The silver empress of the Night,  
In brightest lustre rose :  
While PHILOMEL her plaints began,  
And lull'd them to repose.

SONG.



## S O N G.

**T**O tend his sheep, all debonair,  
 Young THYRSIS bent his way:  
 Exempt from ev'ry painful care,  
 No swain than he more gay.

As whistling thwart the mead he went,  
 The youth was well betray'd:  
 For CUPID, that same way, had sent  
 CLEORA, sylvan maid.

A fludded crook employ'd her hand,  
 As whitest lilies fair;  
 The flock obey'd her at command  
 (The sheep her only care.)

With aukward fear, the wond'ring swain  
 Cast on the nymph his eye:  
 And, on a sudden struck with pain,  
 Across the fields did fly.

CLEORA laugh'd at THYRSIS' flight,  
 And call'd the shepherd near:  
 "Ere now," says she, "I've giv'n delight,  
 "Then what need THYRSIS fear?"

Embolden'd

Embolden'd now, the youth confess'd  
 He felt uncommon smart :  
 And begg'd she'd grant him one request,  
 For Pity's sake—" her Heart" !

" My flock's gone on", she blushing said ;  
 Says THYRSIS, " Let them go ;  
 " We'll watch them from yon poplar's shade  
 " Upon the mountain's brow."

They hail'd the shade, whose leafy bower  
 The am'rous pair embrac'd :  
 THYRSIS improv'd the lucky hour ;  
 He blest'd her, and was blest.

---

DAPHNE'S RESOLUTION:  
 A PASTORAL.

C H L O E.

**H**OW cruel, DAPHNE! and unkind,  
 Are shepherds to the fair!  
 As faithless as the fleeting wind;  
 Of men, my maid! beware.

DAPHNE.

## D A P H N E.

Then teach me, CHLOE, what to do,  
That STREPHON I may shun?  
For longer if my heart he woo,  
I fear to be undone.

## C H L O E.

His artful tale, with pity seem  
Approvingly to hear:  
But when he's gone, forget his theme,  
'Tis all unmeaning jeer.

## D A P H N E.

But mark, dear maid, yon fragrant rose,  
Like *that*, I'm in my bloom:  
See how it blossoms, how it glows,  
Unfearing ills to come!

## C H L O E.

That rose, so fair, will soon decay;  
The eye, that sparkles most  
With blooming youth, will lose its ray;  
So frail is Beauty's boast!

## D A P H N E.

When once 'tis gone, what shepherd then  
Shall urge his amorous toil:  
I cannot, will not shun the men,  
Till years my youth shall spoil.





## S O N G.

**Y**OUNG COLIN, with his usual grace,  
 And love-infusing tongue,  
 Fair AMARYLLIS thus address'd,  
 Nor thought the maid too young.

"By me, thou dear angelic fair,

"Thy charms are ever sung."

"Fie, shepherd, fie," she smiling said:

"Indeed, I am too young!"

"For two whole years," says he, "sweet Girl!

"I vow, the groves have rung

"Your am'rous name: how can you, then,

"Presume you are too young?"

"Most kindly heal your shepherd's pain,

"Believe his artless tongue."

"Hold, hold," she cry'd; "you make me blush:

"Go go, I am too young."

"Nay then," says he, "I'll go my way:

"My lyre once KIRRY strung;

"She shall again my love command,

"For KATE is not too young.

"What

- “ What say you, Fair-one, will you love ?  
 “ Must KATE again be sung !”  
 “ Why then,” says she, “ you plague, I will ;  
 “ I hope, I’m not too young !”



S O N G.

ONE day, on the bank of a murmuring stream,  
 Gay DAMON sat down and made THISBE his  
 theme :

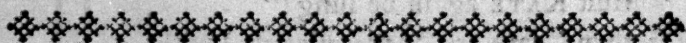
And while the clear water ran purling along,  
 The Naiads awoke and attended his song.

“ Coy THISBE,” says DAMON, “ will ne’er make me  
 “ blest :

“ I often have ask’d her, to grant the request  
 “ Of requiting my love with one glance from her eyes,  
 “ But no sooner I’ve ask’d it, but from me she flies.

“ I threaten in vain, that the charmer may smile :  
 “ That no longer she shall my contentment beguile :  
 “ But when once she appears, my love quickly renews,  
 “ And how much I’m resolv’d my countenance shews.

“ Take pity, ye pow’rs, my passion relieve ;  
 “ I sigh all the night, all the day how I grieve !  
 “ Then quickly remove all my griefs and my cares,  
 “ Bid THISBE but smile, and you ease all my fears.”



EXTEMPORAL VERSES upon walking with a  
FRIEND in the EVENING.

THE ev'ning shade invites my rural song;  
While sacred friendship leads the Muse along;  
Thro' Fancy's flow'ry scenes I gladly stray,  
Revere Reflexion, and begin my lay:  
Behold the Sun behind yon hill retires,  
And dusky eve succeeds his winking fires!  
The weary herds, by shade environ'd, rest:  
And Nature round in one brown mantle's drest.  
Oh! how serene the silent fields appear,  
Save where the streams their wailing currents steer.  
Rejoic'd, I view each summer-varied scene  
Of winding valley, and of vernal green;  
The beauteous landships in fair prospects rise,  
And gently greet our wonder-straying eyes.  
Enchanted, let us Nature's pleasures view,  
The dewy woodlands, and the mountains blue:  
The smiling fields of variegated bloom,  
Whose od'rous flowers the even-air perfume!  
Fain would my Muse the pleasing theme pursue,  
And deck the verse with sweet description new:  
But hear, the mellow pipe awakes the grove,  
And vocal hills resound with strains of love!  
Thither, my Friend, estrang'd from ev'ry care,  
With mutual haste inclin'd, let us repair:

Within

Within the shade, compose the *Attic* lay,  
Till young AURORA rises into day!



The SOCIAL THOUGHT; or the TEA-POT  
resign'd

THOU genial bowl, whose gladsome juice  
Invit'ft to frolic joy and mirth:  
Soft happiness thou canst produce,  
And give to gayest pleasures birth!

Oh! let us in those pleasures roll,  
BACCHUS, power of Wine and Love,  
'Tis thou canst elevate the soul,  
And make our sluggish senses move!

Let sober sneakers call *U* swine,  
*Who* love with wine to cheer the soul:  
To *Them* the Tea-pot we'll resign,  
Be *Ours* the pleasure-flowing bowl!

The flinchers vile, a milk-sop crew,  
Who never bow to BACCHUS' shrine:  
Ne'er tasted joy, or ever knew  
The bliss produc'd by rosy wine.



Fill, fill the glafs ; for from it fprings  
 The greateft peace that man can boast :  
 It makes us greater far than kings,  
 Then fill the glafs, and BACCHUS toast !



## THE MILK-MAID:

### I.

**L**UCY, an artlefs village maid,  
 In rural innocence array'd,  
 Walk'd forth to milk her cows :  
 At even zeyhyr-wafting hour,  
 When SOL declines his ardent power,  
 And lovers breathe foft vows,

### II.

She found the herd amid the dale :  
 And ftrait, ſhe fill'd a brimming pale,  
 And fix'd it on her head :  
 While thus the milk on high was plac'd ;  
 Her hands begirt her slender waift,  
 And care from LUCY fled !

When

## III.

When from an hazel copse hard by,  
 A shepherd chanc'd the maid to spy,  
     As fing'ring on she went:  
 And tho' he bless'd her love-form'd mien,  
 And thought her beauty of the green,  
     Was much to mischief bent.

## IV.

A moment he could not forbear,  
 But stole behind the thoughtless fair,  
     And threw her milk-pail down :  
 Amaz'd, she turn'd and saw the swain,  
 And strove to scold, but strove in vain,  
     A smile suppress'd her frown.

## V.

The shepherd laugh'd, and kiss'd the maid,  
 And many fond endearments said,  
     To sooth her hurried mind :  
 Says she, "What shall I say at home?"  
 "Say!"—cries the Swain, "that when you come,  
     The Cows you could not find.

## VI.

“ To prove, that this invention’s good,

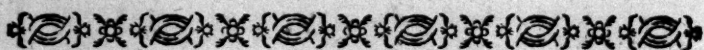
“ I’ll drive them into yonder wood,

“ Secreted in its shade:”

Says LUCY, “ That will do, my swain :

“ To-morrow, drive them home again,

“ And swear how far they’ve stray’d.”



The Ninth ODE of the Second Book of HORACE,  
translated, and inscrib’d to an AFFLICTED  
FRIEND.

## I.

NOR rains eternal vex the land,  
Or storms the *Caspian* main :  
Nor snows, unceasing pow’r expand  
O’er cold *Armenia’s* Plain.

## II.

Nor, when the Northern winds surmount  
The forest’s yielding head,  
Do we their fearful dangers count,  
Or they their verdure shed,

But

## III.

But you incessant fears awake,  
To melancholy strain ;  
For ever, you your moanings make,  
For ever, you complain.

## IV.

When Ev'ning sheds her dusky ray,  
Your tender passions rise :  
When LUCIFER awakens day,  
Tears still bedew your eyes.

## V.

Not long-liv'd NESTOR, for his son,  
Could half such sorrows shed :  
Or PRIAM's daughters so much moan  
Their dear-lov'd brother dead.

## VI.

Cease, cease, my friend, your tears give o'er,  
And CÆSAR's trophies sing :  
Indulge the mournful lay no more,  
But sweep the chearful string.

## VII.

Come, rather sing *Niphates'* flood,  
And *Medus*, whose high waves,  
While all his realms are now subdu'd ;  
His banks in sadness laves.



## VIII.

The *Scythians* too deserve your lyre,  
 Who now reluctant yield,  
 Submit to chains their martial fire,  
 And quit the glorious field.



The Power of *DELIAS* Eyes ; of *AMYNTAS*  
 subdued by LOVE.

## I.

**A** MYNTAS, of the rural train,  
 A buxom hunting-loving swain,  
 To mirth a firm ally :  
 First of the Bacchanalian crew,  
 The rosy God he would pursue  
 With blithe hilarity.

## II.

He hail'd the huntsman's early song,  
 And join'd at eve the sylvan throng :  
 Who all AMYNTAS hail ;  
 AMYNTAS, who, with chearful mien,  
 Gave life and pleasure to each scene,  
 Around the villag'd dale :

## III.

So full of merriment and glee,  
The child of chearfulness was he,  
    You'd swear, the Queen of Smiles,  
(The Goddess of the *Cyprian* grove,  
With soft artillery of love)  
    With all her store of wiles,

## IV.

AMYNTAS never could annoy :  
AMYNTAS never rob of joy,  
    Or check his merry vein,  
By throwing at his easy heart,  
Her ev'ry pleasing painful dart,  
    To leave a moment's pain.

## V.

Let CUPID but his force expand,  
E'en JOVE himself cannot withstand ;  
    AMYNTAS felt the blow :  
Shrunk from himself, he strait confess'd  
The thorny smart within his breast,  
    His recent infelt woe.

## VI.

How stopp'd his mirth, how lagg'd his hours !

“ 'Tis DELIA thus my Pleasure sours,”

The love-smote swain would say :

“ 'Tis DELIA, who frequents the plain,

“ And loves FELICIUS, happy Swain,

“ Whose ev'ry hour is MAY.

## VII.

“ In vain, gay Morn rekindles light :

“ And music chaces darksome Night,

“ No pristine joy I find :

“ And tho' all day I hymn her name,

“ She's deaf to that untimely flame,

“ That preys upon my mind.”

## VIII.

'Twas when bright JUNE, in vesture gay,

Succeeded pleasure-pouring MAY,

AMYNTAS fought the shade,

To give to grief his love-lent hours,

And importune the sacred powers,

To pity-sway the maid.

IX.

AMYNTAS met the Fair alone,  
And scarcely had commenc'd his moan,  
Ere DELIA prest his hand :  
And now FELICIUS was away,  
Resolv'd his passion to repay,  
At CUPID's soft command.

X.

Entranc'd with joy, he clasp'd the fair,  
But what he did I can't declare ;  
Let this for once suffice,  
The youth grew merry as before,  
The curious, who desire more,  
May ask of DELIA's Eyes.



On a certain FOUNTAIN ; upon its Waters re-  
covering MELISSA to Health.

THY healing pow'rs, transparent Spring !  
This willing chaplet rais'd :  
And learnt the Muse thy praise to sing,  
While she MELISSA prais'd.

When sickness cropt MELISSA's bloom,  
MELISSA's beauteous face,  
Thou bidst bland Health arise and come,  
And pristine bloom replace. When



182 THE LAUREL-WREATH.

When o'er the year black Winter reigns,  
 No ruffle mayst thou know!  
 For this shal'st wear no icy chains,  
 Uninterrupted flow.

This wreath, to thee I grateful give,  
 On thee, fair Spring, bestow:  
 And wish thy praise as long to live,  
 As *Helicon* shall flow.



ODE TO RUSINA.

I.

GENIAL Goddess, rural fair,  
 That mak'st our fields thy constant care,  
 To thee I lift my lay:  
 For thee arouse the reedy song,  
 When PHOEBUS leads the morn along,  
 And when he leaves the day!

II.

Thy charms inform my humble lyre,  
 And lend the Muse unwonted fire,  
 Her rural strains to crown:  
 While ev'ry pleasing scene she views,  
 And o'er or mead, or plain, pursues  
 The beauties all your own.

The

## III.

The honest hind, (tho' dubb'd a clown)  
Secure from Fortune's rugged frown,  
Thy bounties fair employs :  
Thy landscapes greet his careless eye,  
And tho' he mayn't their charms descry,  
Thy gifts he can enjoy.

## IV.

The tepid hopes of distant gain,  
Still prompts to joy the villa-swain,  
And warms his heart to glee :  
The foliag'd groves and woods along,  
He mimicks no unpleasing song,  
The music of the lee.

## V.

Behold, the closing thickets bloom,  
And Spring her flow'ry robe resume !  
Beneath yon ancient oak,  
Thy praise, *RUSINA*, shall be strung :  
That praise, so oft great *VIRGIL* sung,  
Thy Poet shall invoke !

Avaunt,

## VI.

Avaunt, ye courtiers, callid train,  
'Tis Nature only rules the plain,  
Engaging to the fight,  
Th'untutor'd joy of sense to give !  
In ease secure we harmless live ;  
You know not our delight.

## VII.

The few who covet Learning's lore,  
And seek to visit Wisdom's store,  
Amidst our verdant fields :  
By thee, *RUSINA*, are refin'd,  
Thou fill'st with bliss the fruitful mind,  
With such the Poet feels.

## VIII.

Where vallies wind, or fountains flow,  
Or where the hedge-row'd hawthorns blow,  
Thy portraits still must please,  
On purple heath, or piny hill,  
Thy raptures shall our bosoms fill,  
And sooth our time to ease.

## IX.

The miser wretch, whose latent gold  
Dares not its splendid face unfold,

RUSINA scorns to hail :  
Or if she does, it is so shy,  
She wears no sparkles in her eye,  
Nor tells a luring tale.

## X.

The pride of some lone hermit's heart,  
Who sees her charms their grace impart,  
And deems them all his own :  
Her face to him shall bear a smile,  
That mollifies his simple toil,  
To honest labour prone.

## XI.

Ye cloister'd fair, ye courtly maids,  
Could you not hail these artless shades  
Where sweet RUSINA dwells :  
And change your cloisters, courts, and  
And visit Nature's wholesome call,  
And praise her mossy cells ?

And



## XII.

And prove the truth these numbers bear,  
Remov'd from ev'ry various care,  
By some sequester'd stream :  
Whose current cool and clearly glides  
While living flow'rs adorn its sides,  
And blooming honours seem ?

## XIII.

Blind they to thee, *RUSINA* kind,  
To Virtue and to Reason blind,  
Who scoff the rural life :  
Where, while the Poet feels thy fire,  
How sweet the music of his lyre,  
His time how free from strife !

## XIV.

Whether he climbs the shelving hill,  
Or breaks the current of the rill,  
Or sings unmeasur'd song,  
Where *FLORA* mantles o'er the mead,  
And lambs and sheep and oxen feed,  
Old *Medway's* banks along :

Where

XV.

Where DAMON, simple-meaning swain,  
 Leads Charity across the plain,  
 And eyes his offspring dear;  
 Rejoic'd, (to answer each Demand)  
 That Nature makes his lab'ring Hand  
 Their infant wants to cheer.

XVI.

Tell me, ye great, ye full of guile,  
 Can his be rough, unsocial toil,  
 Who fears no worldly shame?  
 Who seeks the garden o'er for food,  
 Who tills the glebe and fells the wood,  
 And bears the honest fame?

XVII.

Who hears sad PHILOMELA sing,  
 And all the warblers of the wing,  
 In one wild concert join,  
 Who pilot Reason deigns to steer,  
 Contented in his little sphere,  
 Replete with flocks and kine.

## XVIII.

Smit with the charms of Nature's face,  
 He covets not or rank, or place,  
     Or all the pride of show :  
 He thinks his cottage wond'rous neat,  
 Nor does he wish it more complete,  
     Tho' Pride may deem it low.

## XIX.

The bread of Toil, the cup of Thirst,  
 By no Intemperance accurs'd,  
     Give joy, sincere delight  
 The man, who thus bland Health regales,  
 On native hills, or natives dales,  
     Where all is rural bright.

## XX.

'Tis Nature only bears the sway ;  
 How soon the pageant fades away,  
     And sinks from splendour's ray !  
 While he who loves the rural theme,  
 ' And haunts the grove, and loves the stream,  
     Enjoys a length of days !

## XXI.

With thee, **RUSINA**, Goddess Maid,  
In undissembled Truth array'd,  
In Friendship's native guise,  
What unaffected pleasures shine:  
With Beauty I might call divine,  
Where Grandeur seldom lies.

## XXII.

The plummy chanters of the grove,  
Pour out their votive songs of Love,  
And thee, **RUSINA**, greet:  
Where shady Solitude, invites  
The Naiads, Dryads, to delights,  
That thou hast made complete.

## XXIII.

In vain, affecting Art shall rise,  
And strike with joy the novel eyes;  
In vain with thee contend,  
**RUSINA** fair, of cherub mien,  
Best Empress of the rural scene,  
And all the Muses friend.

Unto



## XXIV.

To thy blest bow'rs the wise retreat,  
 With transport thy retirement meet ;  
     Thy train of Graces bright  
 Taste rural bliss without alloy,  
 The truly peaceful hour enjoy,  
     So full of mental light.

## XXV.

I'll offer at thy flow'ry shrine,  
 And garlands for thy temples twine ,  
     RUSINA, woodland fair !  
 My reed shall daily tune thy praise ;  
 In willing, tho' unartful lays,  
     Thy powers will I declare.



## ON MELISSA'S ABSENCE.

SHE's gone, and with her all my golden days,  
 My ATTIC numbers, and enamour'd lays,  
 My fun of bliss, that shone so radiant bright,  
 At noon is set in dark abyss of night ;  
 My ev'ry joy is wrapt in fearful gloom,  
 And chearful morning never more will come :  
 Till dear MELISSA shall return again,  
 And bring a truce to my long-suff'ring pain.

With

With her sequester'd from the world to live,  
 Was all that Fortune, all that Heaven could give :  
 Was all that Nature, from her bounteous store,  
 Could yield MENALCAS ; and he ask'd no more.  
 In infant youth I learnt to lisp her name,  
 And ere I knew it, felt the gen'rous flame  
 Of Friendship, which, when Reason warm'd my soul,  
 I found was Love's pure fire without controul.  
 MELISSA's Pity at my suit unbent,  
 And taught the path to village-born Content ;  
 Gave youthful Friendship an enticing mien,  
 And all the fields a more than nat'ral green ;  
 Her voice gave music to the sponfive hills,  
 And melodiz'd the noisy-flowing rills.  
 —How oft have we, in yon neglected groves,  
 Where stalking Melancholy pensive roves,  
 The peace-wing'd hours with pleasure talk'd away,  
 Or joind in song the choirists of the spray ?  
 Have you not seen, how smiles the vernal morn ?  
 Such smiles her features constantly adorn ;  
 Her calm discretion rules with steady sway,  
 Nor aught can censure on her conduct say,  
 To blast those charms, which shine unblemish'd clear,  
 Secure from malice as from censure's Spear.  
 Oft I recall the scenes of pleasure past,  
 And lonely traverse the neglected waste ;  
 Lament her absence as my sorrows flow,  
 Expressive of my unrelenting woe :  
 While greedy Time my artless lays shall save,  
 Nor give my numbers to Oblivion's grave :  
 So long MELISSA, be our Friendship known,  
 In that thy absence caus'd MENALCAS' Moan:      So

## ON NIGHT.

NOW Sol's withdrawn, and Night resumes her reign,  
And oe'r the land skips spreads her brown domain;  
From yon bright orb, the empress of the night,  
With palefac'd lustre sheds her borrow'd light!  
The twinkling stars with sparkling ardour glow,  
And, round the spheres, their wonted influence show.  
His flocks secure, the shepherd in his cot:  
While low Ambition and all Care's forgot,  
Sleeps unmolested by corroding fears,  
Oppressive sighs, or avaritious cares!  
All Nature's *calm*, and *still* the fields appear,  
While murm'ring brooks their vivid courses steer!  
'Mid silent groves I hear the hapless dove,  
In plaints pathetic, mourn her dying love:  
To Zephyr sigh, and join the plaintive rill,  
While Echo mocks her from the answ'ring hill.  
Now joys Astronomy to greet the night,  
And prune her wings for meditative flight:  
By her assisted, now the Zenith views,  
And heav'nly motions studiously pursues:  
Warm'd into praises, owns the glorious Cause,  
That rules those motions by stupendous laws!  
With joy immense, the azure concave eyes,  
And soaring mounts above the starry skies.

• END OF VOL. I.